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T. AND R. ANNAN & SONS,
Glasgow.]

*Yours most truly
James Stalker*

THE YOUNG MAN

A Monthly Journal and Review

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN: BE STRONG."

THE FINDING OF FINGALL.

By GILBERT PARKER.

"FINGALL! Fingall!—Oh, Fingall!"

A grey mist was rising from the river, the sun was drinking it delightedly, the swift blue water showed underneath it, and the top of White-faced Mountain peaked the mist by a hand-length. The river brushed the banks like rustling silk, and the only other sound, very sharp and clear in the liquid monotone, was the crack of a wood-pecker's beak on a hickory tree.

It was a sweet, fresh, autumn morning in Lonesome Valley. Before night the deer would bellow reply to the hunters' rifles, and the mountain-goat call to its unknown gods; but now there was only the wild duck skimming the river, and then rising and fading into the mist, the high hill-top, the sun, and again that strange cry,—

"Fingall!—Oh, Fingall! Fingall!"

Two men, lounging at a fire on a ledge of the hills, raised their eyes to the mountain-side beyond and above them, and one said presently,—

"The second time. It's a woman's voice, Pierre."

Pierre nodded, and abstractedly stirred the coals about with a twig.

"Well, it is a pity—the poor Cynthia," he said at last.

"It is a woman, then. You know her, Pierre—her story?"

"Fingall! Fingall!—Fingall!"

Pierre raised his head towards the sound; then, after a moment, said,—

"I know Fingall."

"And the woman? Tell me."

"And the girl. Fingall was such as Shon

McGann, all fire and heart, and devil-may-care. She—she was not beautiful except in the eye, but that was like a flame of red and blue. Her hair too—then—would trip her, if it hung loose. That was all, except that she loved him too much. But women—*et puis*, when a woman gets a man between her and the heaven above and the earth beneath, and there comes the great hunger, what is the good? A man cannot understand, but he can see, and he can fear. What is the good? To play with life, that is not much; but to play with a soul is more than a thousand lives. Look at Cynthia."

He paused, and Lawless waited patiently. He knew Pierre well. Presently Pierre went on:—

"Fingall was *gentil*; he would take off his hat to a squaw. It made no difference what others did; he didn't think—it was like breathing to him. How can you tell the way things happen? Cynthia's father kept the tavern at St. Gabriel's Fork, over against the great saw-mill. Fingall was foreman of a gang in the lumber-yard. Cynthia had a brother—Fenn. Fenn was as bad as they make, but she loved him, and Fingall knew it well, while he hated the young skunk. The girl's eyes were like two little fire-flies when Fingall was about, and what he thought of her he said to me once, 'They are the kind God made for the whole year round.' He was a gentleman, though he had only half a name—Fingall—like that. I think he did not expect to stay; he seemed to be waiting for something, for always when the mail came in he would be there; and afterwards you

wouldn't see him for a time. So it seemed to me that he made up his mind to think nothing of Cynthia, and to say nothing."

"*Fingall! Fingall!—Oh, Fingall!*"

The strange, sweet, singing voice sounded nearer.

"She is coming this way, Pierre," said Lawless.

"I hope not to see her. What is the good?"

"Well, let us have the rest of the story."

"Her brother Fenn was in Fingall's gang. One day there was trouble. Fenn called Fingall a liar. The gang stopped piling; they expected the usual thing; it did not come. Fingall told him to leave the yard, and they would settle some other time. That night a wicked thing happened. We were sitting in the bar-room, when we heard two shots, and then a fall. We ran into the other room; there was Fenn on the floor, dying. He lifted himself on his elbow, pointed at Fingall—and fell back. The father of the boy stood white and still a few feet away. There was no pistol showing—none at all. The men closed in on Fingall now. He did not stir—he seemed to be thinking of something else. He had a puzzled, sorrowful look. The men

roared round him, but he waved them back for a moment, and looked first at the father, then at the son. I could not understand at first. Some one pulled a pistol out of Fingall's pocket, and showed it. At that moment Cynthia came in. She gave a cry. By the holy! I do not want to hear a cry like that often! She fell on her knees beside the boy, and caught his head to her breast. Then with a wild look she asked who did it. They had just taken Fingall out into the bar-room. They did not tell her his name, for they knew that she loved him.

"'Father,' she said all at once, 'have you killed the man that killed Fenn?'"

"The old man shook his head. There was a sick colour in his face.

"'Then I will kill him,' she said.

"She laid her brother's head down, and stood up. Some one put in her hand the pistol, and told her it was the same that had killed Fenn. She took it, and came with us. The old man stood still where he was; he was like stone. I looked at him for a minute, and thought; then I turned round and went to the bar-room. The old man followed. Just as I got inside the door, I saw the girl start back, and her hand drop, for she saw that it was

Fingall; he was looking at her very strange. It was the rule to empty the gun into a man who had been sentenced; and already Fingall had heard his 'God—have—mercy!' The girl was to do it.

"Fingall said to her in a muffled voice, 'Fire—Cynthia!'

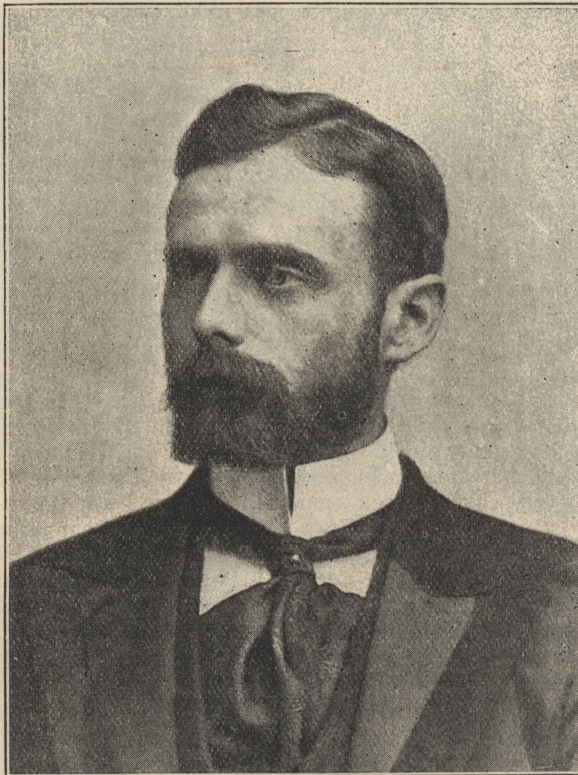
"I guessed what she would do. In a kind of a dream she raised the pistol up—up—up, till I could see it was out of range of his head, and she fired. One! two! three! four! five! Fingall never moved a muscle; but the bullets spotted the wall at the side of his head. She paused after the five; but the arm was still held out, and her finger was on the trigger; she

seemed to be in a dream. There were only six chambers in the gun, and of course one chamber was empty. Fenn had its bullet in his lungs, as we thought. Some one beside Cynthia touched her arm, pushing it down. But there was another shot, and this time, because of the push, the bullet lodged in Fingall's skull."

Pierre paused now, but waved with his hand towards the mist which now hung high up like a canopy between the hills.

"But," said Lawless, not heeding the scene, "what about that sixth bullet?"

"*Mon Dieu*, it is plain! Fingall did not fire the shot. His revolver was full, every chamber, when Cynthia first took it."



From a Photo by
ELLIOTT & FRY.]

MR. GILBERT PARKER.

"Who killed the lad?"

"Can you not guess? There had been words between the father and the boy: both had fierce blood. The father in a mad minute fired; the boy wanted revenge on Fingall, and, to save his father, laid it on the other. The old man? Well, I do not know whether he was a coward, or stupid, or ashamed—he let Fingall take it."

"And Fingall took it to spare the girl, eh?"

"For the girl. He knew it wasn't good for her to think that her father killed his own son."

"And what came after?"

"The worst. That night the girl's father killed himself, and the two were buried in the same grave. Cynthia——"

"*Fingall! Fingall!—Oh, Fingall!*"

"You hear? Yes, like that all the time as she sat on the floor, her hair about her like a cloud, and the dead bodies in the next room. She thought she had killed Fingall, and she knew now that he was innocent. The two were buried. Then we told her that Fingall was not dead. She used to come and sit outside the door, and listen to his breathing, and ask if he ever spoke of her. What was the good of lyin'? If we said he did, she'd have come in to him, and that would do no good, for he wasn't right in his mind. By-and-by we told her he was getting well, and then she didn't come, but stayed at home, just saying his name over to herself. *Alors*, things take hold of a woman—it is so strange! When he was strong enough to go out, I went with him the first time. He was all thin and handsome as you can think, but he had no memory, and his eyes were

like a child's. She saw him, and came out to meet him. What does a woman care for the world when she loves altogether? Well, he just looked at her as if he'd never seen her before, and passed by without a sign, though afterwards there came trouble in his face. Three days later he was gone, no one knew where. That is two years ago. Ever since she has been looking for him."

"Is she mad?"

"Mad? Holy Mother! it is not good to have one thing in the head all the time! What do you think? So much all at once! And then——"

"Hush, Pierre! There she is!" Lawless said, pointing to a ledge of rock not far away.

The girl stood looking out across the Valley, a weird, rapt look in her face, her hair falling loose, a staff like a shepherd's crook in one hand, the other over her eyes as she slowly looked from point to point of the horizon. The two watched her without speaking. Presently she saw them. She gazed at them for a minute, then descended to them. Lawless and Pierre rose, doffing their hats. She looked at both a moment, and her eyes settled, steadily glowing, on Pierre. Pre-



"THEY CAME NEAR,
AND SAW THAT THE
WOMAN WAS CYNTHIE."

sently she held out her hand to him. "I knew you—yesterday," she said.

Pierre returned the intensity of her gaze with one deep and strong.

"So-so, Cynthie," he said; "sit down and eat."

He dropped on a knee and drew a scone and some fish from the ashes. She sat facing them, and, taking from a bag at her side some wild fruits, ate slowly, saying nothing. Lawless noticed that her hair had gone grey at her temples, though she was but one-and-twenty years old. Her face, brown as it was, shone with a white kind of light, which may, or may not, have come from the crucible of her eyes, where the tragedy of her life was fusing. Lawless could not bear to look long, for the fire that consumes a body and sets free a soul is not for the sight of the quick. At last she rose, her body steady, but her hands having that tremulous activity of her eyes.

"Will you not stay, Cynthie?" asked Lawless very kindly.

She came close to him, and, after searching his eyes, said with a smile that almost hurt him, "When I have found him, I will bring him to your camp fire. Last night the Voice said that he waits for me where the mist rises from the river at daybreak, close to the home of the White Swan. Do you know where is the home of the White Swan? Before the frost comes and the red wolf cries, I must find him. Winter is the time of sleep. I will give him honey and dried meat. I know where we shall live together. You never saw such roses! Hush! I have a place where we can hide."

Suddenly her gaze became fixed and dream-like, and she said slowly: "*In all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the Day of Judgment; Good Lord, deliver us!*"

"*Good Lord, deliver us!*" repeated Lawless in a low voice. Without looking at them, she slowly turned away and passed up the hillside, her eyes scanning the Valley as before.

"*Good Lord, deliver us!*" again said Lawless. "Where did she get it?"

"From a book which Fingall left behind."

They watched her till she rounded a cliff, and was gone; then they shouldered their kits and passed up the river on the trail of the

wapiti. One month later, when a fine white surf of frost lay on the ground, and the sky was darkened often by the flight of the wild geese southward, they came upon a hut perched on a bluff, at the edge of a clump of pines. It was morning, and White-faced Mountain shone solemnly clear, without a touch of cloud or mist from its haunches to its crown.

They knocked at the hut door, and, in answer to a voice, entered. The sunlight streamed in over a woman, lying upon a heap of dried flowers in a corner, and a man kneeling beside her. They came near, and saw that the woman was Cynthie.

Then Pierre broke out suddenly, "Fingall!" and caught the kneeling man by the shoulder. At the sound of his voice the woman's eyes opened.

"*Fingall!—Oh, Fingall!*" she said, and reached up a hand.

The bearded man stooped and caught her to his breast:—

"Cynthie! poor girl! Oh, my poor Cynthie!" he said.

In his eyes, as in hers, was a sane light, and his voice, as hers, said indescribable things.

Her head sank upon his shoulder, her eyes closed. She was asleep. Fingall laid her down with a sob in his throat; then he sat up and clutched Pierre's hand.

"In the East, where the doctors cured me, I heard," he said, pointing to her, "and I came to find her. I was just in time; I found her yesterday."

"And she knew you," whispered Pierre.

"Yes, but the fever came hard after." He turned and looked at her, and, kneeling, smoothed away the hair from the smiling, pathetic face. "Poor girl!" he said; "poor girl!"

"She will get well?" asked Pierre.

"God grant it!" Fingall replied. "She is better—better!"

Lawless and Pierre softly turned and stole away, leaving the man alone with the girl.

The two stood in silence, looking upon the river beneath. Presently a voice crept through the stillness. "Fingall! Oh, Fingall!—Fingall!"

It was the voice of a woman returning from the dead.

*** OUR Christmas dinner to 1,500 poor children in the Guildhall, London, on Jan. 2nd, was a great success. Similar feasts are to be given in Glasgow, Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, and other large centres. We hope to publish some account of these in our next issue.

DR. THAIN DAVIDSON's article on "The Healthfulness of Religion" in *The Home Messenger* for February, will be specially enjoyed by young men. The whole number is full of interest.

There is a capital portrait of the Rev. Bernard J. Snell, with a brief character sketch, a story by L. T. Meade, a fully illustrated article on "Visiting the Workhouse," and many other attractive features. (Partridge & Co., 1d.)

THOSE who write to us asking for a cure for a bad memory should consult Prof. Loissette, 37, New Oxford Street, W.C., who has achieved great success as "Memory Instructor" to the Regent Street Polytechnic.

A YOUNG MAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A CHAT WITH MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN, M.P.

SHAKESPEARE evidently believed in the brotherhood of man, for he reduced mankind to a common denominator—

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts.

But even among players some must take leading parts, and some are able to take more than others, though all take "many parts." To be a Member of Parliament, a London County Councillor, a journalist and editor, a temperance advocate, an artist and caricaturist, and an "Amateur Dossier," is surely to occupy one's fair share of the world's stage. And such are the varied occupations and amusements of Mr. J. Williams Benn.

At the County Council Mr. Benn is Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, which consists of the chairmen of all the other committees, and guides, to some extent, the policy of that body. It is in work for London that he has most delighted. In the first Council he became "whip" of the "Progressives," and has taken an active part in such questions as the establishment of the Municipal Lodging House in Parker Street (he was the "Amateur Dossier" of the *Daily Graphic*), the claims of the Whitecross Street Costermongers, Tramways Purchase, and notably, the Unification of London. It was in reply to his question in the House on that matter that the Government declared its intention to appoint a Royal Commission. Between Westminster, Spring Gardens, Finsbury Square, Cable Street and Romford, it is no easy matter to catch Mr. Benn, but owing to over-work, he was at last literally "run down." I wanted particularly to know something of his life as an M.P., so I asked: "What, as a young man, are your impressions of the House of Commons?"

"AS A LEGISLATIVE MACHINE IT IS DISAPPOINTING."

"As a young man? You forget I'm 'getting on' now. If you desired the views of a real live young man, you should have gone to Mr. W. Allen, or to Mr. Gerald Loder. But if you still

regard me as young, I may say that I have been very much fascinated with the House as an historical institution. Its memories and members are delightful. As a legislative machine, I venture to think that it is disappointing and demoralising."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, disappointing because, as a very short apprenticeship to its work will show, under present arrangements it is quite unable to cope with even comparatively non-contentious overdue legislation. It is like one of the ancient clocks in the Guildhall Museum, a splendid piece of old work, which excites the admiration of every one, but useless for modern time-keeping. It wants a new spring, and 'the latest improvements' to make it 'go.'"

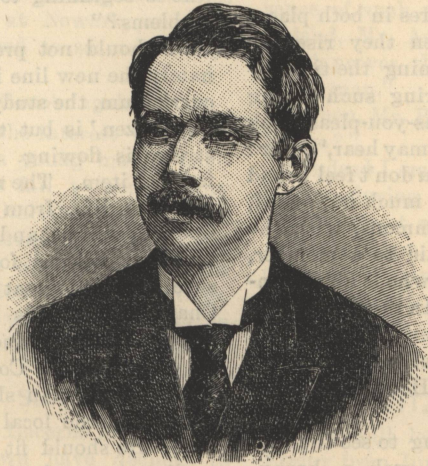
"But you said 'demoralising.'"

"And, in a sense, I meant it. You see, men, young men, come into the House full of reforming zeal and new ideas, and as they gradually discover the hopelessness of 'doing anything' on their own account in the House, they lose interest, and, except when the division bell rings, drift to the smoking-room, or the terrace, or anywhere, to while away the time. This is, of course, perfectly harmless amusement, but it tends to take the stamina out of many good men. There are members who, a few years ago, threatened to sweep all before them, like an eruption of Mount Vesuvius. Now they are extinct volcanoes, and through no fault of theirs."

HE PREFERS "THE SHARP BUSINESS-LIKE METHODS OF THE COUNTY COUNCIL."

"How does the House compare with the London County Council?"

"The two bodies are hardly comparable, because one is legislative and the other administrative. I must confess to a preference for the sharp, business-like methods of my 'first-love,' the L.C.C. It possesses one standing order which might well be adopted in some form by the Mother of Parliaments,—that is, the automatic closure. No member is allowed to speak longer than fifteen minutes, except by the pleasure of



MR. J. WILLIAMS BENN, M.P.

the Council. If he is really giving his colleagues information, he can always get an extension of time; but if he is a 'bore' the rule 'shuts him up.' Then the Council can decide at any stage, by consent of the chairman, 'that the question be now put.' But for these provisions it would be impossible for London's Parliament to get through its vast work."

"But does not this destroy the growth of oratory?"

"No doubt the speeches at the Council take more the form of plain business statements than the speeches in the House. In the Council oratorical flights, or perorations, are rare, but yet we have some capital speaking and 'full-dress debates' which I venture to think would not disgrace the Commons."

"Do you get as patient and attentive an audience in the Council as in the House?"

"Much about the same. Bores in both places are soon recognised, and when they rise the members feel justified in redeeming the time by discussing other matters. During such trying periods there is a sort of go-as-you-please look from the chair, and though you may hear, 'Order! Order!' called once or twice, you don't feel bound to be orderly. But I have been much impressed, especially in the House of Commons, with the respectful attention which is paid to a member, whatever be his rank or party, who is able to inform or interest the assembly. In this respect the House is no respecter of persons. Men find their level, and real merit has an excellent chance."

"Do you think that the House welcomes working-class members?"

"Especially so. It is amusing to see the fuss which the members make of such a horny-handed colleague, especially if he happens to possess the tact and geniality of Mr. John Burns. Indeed, in these times he who enters the House on Keir-Hardie lines has a better chance of catching the Speaker's eye and making a mark than the scion of a noble house."

YOUNG MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

"The present Parliament is notable, I believe, for its young men. Have they, do you think, come to the front?"

"It is not for me to set up as a judge on that point. I think the young men have done well, but I am sure of this: any man, old or young, who thinks that he can walk into Parliament and capture his colleagues right off, will be disappointed. He must be content to enter as a pupil—a novice—and patiently work and wait for the esteem of his fellow-members, and a position in the House. No body of men, I should say, more resent 'bounce' or 'side,' as it is now called, and none are more ready to recognise good work and earnest purpose."

HOW TO MAKE THE HOUSE MORE EFFECTIVE.

"As to making the House more effective, did you see Mr. Harold Spender's article in the *New Review*?"

"Yes, and I think that many of the suggestions there are most valuable. More work must be delegated to Grand Committees, or there will be a perpetual dead lock. If any of our large business concerns were managed on the same lines, they would 'go to pieces' in twelve months. The present system is something like a large tea merchant endeavouring himself to deliver every pound of tea which he sells. Hours of precious time are wasted over questions which never ought to come before *Imperial* Parliament."

A HINT FOR YOUNG POLITICIANS.

"What advice would you give to a young man who is beginning to take an interest in political problems?"

"I should not presume to offer any. Fortunately the new line in our national educational curriculum, the study of 'The Life and Duties of the Citizen,' is but the straw showing how the stream is flowing. Many thanks to Mr. Acland for that item. The new bodies which are springing into life, from the Parish to the County Council, will be, and are, without doubt, splendid training colleges for Parliamentarians. I am sure that the great position which Mr. Joseph Chamberlain holds as a debater and administrator is largely due to the experience which he gained in the Corporation of Birmingham. Every young man should, I think, take a keen interest in the local body which is nearest to him. He should fit himself for taking part by reading some of the excellent books, now so plentiful, bearing upon Local Government, and also by joining some good debating society."

TEMPERANCE IN PARLIAMENT.

"What is your estimate as to the prevalence of a temperance feeling in the present House?"

"My teetotal friends need have no fear as to that. The division on the Welsh Veto Bill is a sufficient answer to those who contend that the House is lukewarm in the temperance cause. We only want the opportunity. We have the men ready and willing to carry the day so far as the House of Commons is concerned."

THE POLITICAL OUTLOOK.

"Do you consider the general outlook of political life hopeful?"

"Really you are teasing me with queries more suited to those who have borne the burden and heat of the day! As a youngster I am bewildered and exasperated at the present prospect, especially in view of the opposition of the House of Lords to the popular will in questions carried in

the Commons, such as 'Betterment,' by two to one. But I am certain that if the people are in earnest a way will be found, and I have no doubt, although there may be a check for the moment, as to the ultimate result. Parliamentary history is just repeating itself."

AN HOUR WITH MR. GLADSTONE.

"May I ask you whether you have ever come into personal contact with Mr. Gladstone?"

"Certainly. About a year before my election I had the honour of spending an hour alone with him in the country, and I reckon it among the red-letter hours of my life. As he knew I was deeply interested in the L.C.C., we talked mainly of its work and projects, and I was delighted to find how much he knew about us, and how keenly he was watching our movements. Then, knowing I was a parliamentary candidate, he regaled me with a most fascinating account of his early election fights at Newark, and the methods which he employed to secure victory. Indeed, he

Fought all his battles o'er again.

What captivated me was the interest which he took in conversing with a young man, a comparative stranger. Words fail to convey any idea of the charm of his inimitable gestures, the brilliancy of those wonderful eyes, the light and shade of the wrinkles on that time-worn face, and the music of a voice which seems to go home to the heart. A cold wind was blowing as we walked along, and Mrs. Gladstone had asked

me to get him to put on a Scotch cape to keep him warm; but he would have none of it. With cheeks flushed with the breeze and old recollections, he talked to me in a wonderfully soul-inspiring way. I might have been his nephew. I have heard him many times since in the House, and I reckon that privilege alone fully repays all the trouble and expense of winning a seat. He is essentially a leader for young men."

"Why do you say a leader for *young* men?"

"Well, I mean that if young men enlist under his banner, he sticks to them. Look, for instance, at the Uganda episode, in which Sir Edward Grey expressed views which certainly differed from those of the Prime Minister. Notwithstanding Mr. Labouchere's artillery, Mr. Gladstone threw his cloak round his 'young friend,' and really praised his independence of feeling. But I must not be tempted into examples. The presence of such men as Mr. Sydney Buxton, Mr. Acland, Mr. Asquith, and others on the front bench proves that this octogenarian is a young men's man."

"Then, Mr. Benn, you are glad you are in the House?"

"Indeed I am, especially in view of what may be done during the next few years for London. Having spent my life and earned my living in this city, I am intensely anxious to see it rising to its great opportunities. To have a hand in such a work is, I think, no small privilege for any young man."

P. L. P.

OUR SUMMER GATHERING IN SWITZERLAND.

OUR Holiday Gathering at Lucerne last summer was so successful that we have decided to arrange for a longer and still more attractive programme for 1894. There will be sermons and addresses by Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. C. A. Berry, Rev. W. J. Dawson, etc.; an illustrated lecture on "Interviewing and Interviewers," by Mr. Harry How, the interviewer of the *Strand* magazine; three lectures by Mr. Edward Whymper, author of *Scrambles amongst the Alps*; a paper by Miss Friederichs (of the *Westminster Gazette*) on "My Experiences as a Lady Journalist"; besides concerts and receptions twice a week, and many lectures and papers by eminent novelists, scientists, etc. The gathering will be held at Grindelwald, which is the finest mountaineering centre in Switzerland, and is surrounded by the grandest snow-clad mountains.

A Dream of Youth is a booklet, after the Professor Drummond form, by the Rev. Hugh Black, of Paisley. Mr. Black had the rare honour some time ago of being invited to be the co-pastor of Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh, and all the eyes of Presbyterian Scotland were turned

Parties will leave London every Tuesday and Friday from June 29 to September 14, and a ten-guinea ticket will include a second-class return ticket from London (first-class on boat), seven days' full hotel accommodation at Grindelwald, and three days in Lucerne. Or the last three days may be devoted to other supplementary tours. All tickets will be available to return any time within forty-five days. Dr. Conan Doyle, who joined one of our parties last summer, writes: "We had a most delightful trip, and feel all the better for it. It was something we shall always look back to with pleasure." Further particulars can be obtained by sending a stamped addressed envelope to Mr. F. A. Atkins, 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C. The hotel accommodation is extremely limited, and we would urge our readers to book as soon as possible.

on him in expectation. This little book is an excellent first-fruit. Professor Drummond's rare felicity of touch it cannot claim, but it has its own felicities, and is full of sound thought and fine feeling. It is rarely that a sermon can be made so fresh and palatable as this.

THE PRICE OF PERFECTION.

THERE are few incidents in the Gospels that open a wider subject of debate than the story of the young ruler, and the best title for it, as most accurately describing its ethical significance, is the Price of Perfection. The youth comes running, says St. Mark, with a beautiful impulsiveness, and, kneeling at Christ's feet, asks a question which has long tormented him in secret: "What shall I do to obtain eternal life?" If he himself had not explained his own conduct and past life, we should instinctively think well of him for this act. We see at once that it is with a fresh and ardent nature we are dealing. We imagine him as a proud and sensitive youth, who has a contempt for all lowness of thought and unworthiness of conduct: one who shuns the crowd, and loves to nourish his soul with high thoughts and imaginations, and who can say with John Milton, "I am not one of those who has disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, nor the maxims of the freeman by the actions of the slave, but by the grace of God I have kept my life unsullied." There are really two desires which possess him: he wants to be perfect, and he wants to inherit eternal life. He has a devout temper, which is rare in youth, and an alluring sincerity, which is not rare, but is the finest charm of youth. Christ shows Himself deeply interested in this fresh young soul, for the elements of his character were precisely those that would have made him an ideal disciple. All the greater grief was it to the Redeemer that on the final test he broke down, and dared not follow Him.

Now it is a great thing to conceive a really noble ambition, even if it be conceived imperfectly; and this, at least, this youth has done. He wants to be perfect, as youths who love poetry want to be great poets, or as youths with a taste for art covet to be great artists. He sees that the crown of being lies in character. He has no doubt meditated on the great saints and heroes of his race, and the fire of a glorious emulation is alive in his heart. Moreover, he has seen the vision of perfection in Christ Himself. He is a ruler, a rich youth, and Christ is the son of a carpenter, and a person universally despised by the ruling classes, yet he kneels to Him and calls Him "Good Master." Whatever errors we may charge against him, we must needs admit that these are the signs of a real simplicity and sincerity of nature. The first step toward being anything noble is to see in what nobility really consists. It is much for the youth who would be a great poet or a great artist to know what great art and great poetry are, for nothing of high achievement is possible without that vision. Never mind if the goal is never

reached: you will do nothing without the ambition, for it is the large ambitions of youth that feed the life of the world, and out of them is born all that makes human life glorious.

What, then, has this youth done to realise his ideals? He replies that he has kept the commandments, and Christ accepts the statement. The fact that he was rich, no doubt, made many of the commandments easy to keep. For example, he had never been tempted to steal or covet; his circumstances shielded him. He had grown up in an atmosphere favourable to good conduct, and he spoke the truth when he said that he had never knowingly broken the law. Who knows the temptations of want save those who endure them? Wealth has its own peculiar seductions, but at least wealth saves a man from the jealousy that failure feels for success, from impassioned bitterness against the proud, from many a sore temptation to be not exactly truthful, because compromise means bread, to say nothing of the lack of bread that makes the thief, and often the murderer too. Let the youth who has never known want understand that the security of his lot provides a rare platform upon which the edifice of character may be built. You have shelter to grow ripe and leisure to grow wise. The very fact that bread is assured frees your faculties for higher pursuits than the mere drudgery of bread-winning. At all events, the temptations of the starving and miserable are not for you, since the very position which is yours carries with it social restraints which are favourable to the growth of the fine flower of spiritual culture and character. Let us say what we will of the peril of riches, yet the perils of poverty are yet more dire, since the rich man has every incentive to keep the law, and the poor man every temptation to break it.

Nor can it be reckoned as other than a great thing for a youth to be blameless as touching the things of the law. When Froude tells us that as touching the higher things of the law Carlyle was blameless, we almost forget the asperities of temper of which Froude takes such careful count, because we feel how rarely possible has such a boast been in literary biography. We are apt nowadays to over-emphasize the truth that bad men may become good men, and lost men may be reclaimed. We naturally cling to such a truth, because it is the gospel of all truths, the bell of hope that recalls us from our self-despairing. That is why the prodigal of Christ's great parable has been enshrined in the very heart of the world. But when all is said and done, it is surely a better thing to be what the elder brother was, and what this youth was, blameless in conscience, unsullied in honour, uncorrupted in nature, than as the prodigal. Faults these elder brothers

have, but they are faults that spring from virtue, they are the vices of rectitude. To be a little hard and unsympathetic is after all a much less offence than to spend one's substance with harlots in riotous living. When the great temple of perfection is to be reared, beyond question the firmest foundation is to be discovered in an unvitiated character, and a life that has ruled itself in strenuous righteousness. Therefore, I say, let the youth who would be perfect keep his youth unsullied. Let him recollect that a clean record is a thing far above rubies. Let him mark how Christ accepts this youth's statement about his past conduct, and loves him for it. Many maimed and sinful men came to Christ, but in this case He had the rare joy of meeting a soul that was disfigured by no stain of tolerated evil, a life that had honestly been lived according to the highest ideal of duty which it knew; and Christ accepts these graces of character as the first elements and foundations of perfection.

What does Christ do to help him in his quest of perfection? He does two things. He first of all sends him back to the law of duty. The youth says, "I have kept the commandments." Christ replies, "Go on keeping them." The pathway of perfection is a beaten way: there is no royal road. Do the duty that lies nearest to you, and in doing it you will fit yourself for a yet higher. But that is not all. Christ shows him that perfection lies in no formal routine of obedience to law. The youth practically says that he has lived without deliberate sin; we ask, "Is that possible?" Certainly it is possible, or the religion of conduct has no goal. We begin the perfect life by finding it easier to break the law than to keep it. But gradually, as old habits are overcome and old desires extinguished, we find that our life takes a new mould, and it actually becomes easier for us to keep the law than to break it. It follows that a man may so live as to commit no deliberate sin, and this is precisely what this youth professes to have done. But by the way in which Christ treats him, He conveys to him a new sense of the imperfection of his present perfection. The better a man becomes, the more conscious should he be of his errors: the higher his ideal, the more keenly will he feel how far he is from realising it. Thus the mark of the high calling is a receding goal; the higher we go the higher we want to go. That is what Christ wishes to impress on this youth, and He does so at last by putting him to a terrible test, under which he is broken. The youth thinks he is perfect, that he has reached the goal: suddenly the goal recedes to an immeasurable distance, or, as Browning puts it,—

We do not see it, where it is
At the beginning of the race;

As we proceed it shifts its place,
And where we looked for crowns to fall,
We find the tug's to come—that's all.

The youth lacks something then: what is it? It is that his view of perfection is limited and barren; it is to add mechanically virtue to virtue, to withdraw further and further from the wicked in proud chastity of thought, to include every element of nobility in himself, until at last he is perfect. He does not recognise the infinitude of the thing he asks. The scale by which he measures things is inadequate; his temper is too cool, his self-poise too complacently serene. There is no abandonment in his passion for perfection, no flinging himself away, no glorious folly, no splendid unreasonableness, and that is what is wanted. One wave of this splendid, unreasoning passion for the impossible would have carried him nearer the goal than all his elaborate care to keep himself severely righteous; and Christ touched the cardinal defect in his character when he told him to do a thing which was a noble folly indeed, and as such would have been laughed at by all the world, but through which he would have become perfect.

What, then, is the Test? What is the price of Perfection? Look at this youth again. Self-complacent as his statement sounds, yet there is nothing priggish in him. Had it been the mere empty vaunting of a conceited Pharisaic soul we may be quite sure that Christ would have spoken differently. But as Christ looks into the secret of his nature, He sees the hidden fault and discloses it. It is not that he is proud of his virtue, but he is proud of his position. It is not that he loves money, but he has a very natural sense of the advantages of wealth. His wealth, as we have seen, has been a safeguard from coarse and vulgar temptations; it has afforded him time for philosophic thought, leisure for religious growth. We begin to discern a touch of the dilettante in him. He loves a luxurious seclusion, the feeling of being able to live his own life, apart from ignoble cares. He has chosen the very highest pursuit for his seclusion, the pursuit of piety; but piety may be luxurious in its tastes as well as vice. Christ suddenly confronts him with a terrible command: "Sell all that thou hast, and follow Me." He says to him, in effect, "The best way of attaining perfection, is not in this sumptuous seclusion, it is not in wealth; it is in a life like mine, poor, laborious, and unsheltered." Christ does not condemn the mere possession of riches; He does not hint that this youth is mean, or money-loving, or anything of the kind; He simply says that His own way of life leads most directly to perfection. The youth asks, "How am I to gain what I want?" Christ replies, "Since you *will* know, by taking My yoke upon you, and follow—

ing Me." Before that reply the youth trembled, and his heart failed him; he became very sorrowful, for he was very rich.

The temptation to the dilettante spirit is a very common one. Who has not thought, "How much better I could be if I had not to endure the humiliations of poverty! Or what poems I could write, what books I could produce, what pictures I could paint, if I were wealthy—if I could work as I pleased, and if the yoke of this hurried, anxious, drudgery for bread were removed!" And of course there is some truth in the plea. Poets have died for lack of bread, and artists have wasted their genius for lack of money. We have admitted that it is probably easier to keep the commandments as a wealthy man than as a beggar. But perfection is a spirit, a temper, and a mould of thought; what if for the proper and highest expression of this spirit, poverty is necessary? What if it be true that the rarest steel of genius, which smites to the dividing asunder of soul and marrow, has usually taken its temper from the icy brook of poverty, wherein it was plunged? What if the true philosophy of perfection be that—

Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use?

Rogers was a rich man and a small poet; Burns was a poor man and a great poet. Had the difference of condition anything to do with it? Have not the saints usually been poor? Did not Buddha renounce his palace as the primary condition of saving his fellows? And, after all, are the rich so much more perfect in life than the poor, that the noblest examples of moral perfection have been oftener found in the palace than the cottage? We know the inevitable answer, and our knowledge of that answer surely justifies Christ in making poverty and labour the prime conditions of the perfection which this youth covets.

But, however this may be, Christ makes two things clear, the first of which is that there can be no perfection without some renunciation. Something renounced is always something gained. We do not find perfection in doing our own will, however right that will may seem, but in obeying a higher will, however hard that will may seem. And the second thing which Christ teaches is, that he who professes a passion for eternal life must have enough faith in the unseen to sacrifice this life for it. "Thou shalt have treasure in heaven," says Christ: is not that enough? Alas, no: not when it means giv-

ing up such treasure as we have here; few men believe in heaven enough for that. What it really comes to is, that either we do not, genuinely, want perfection, or else we want it, but are not willing to pay the price. That is the plain truth of the story: it is to this that Christ reduces the noble aspirations of this youth by a single searching word. Perfection has its price, and in this case it is the voluntary acceptance of poverty. And behold, the price is too great! It is too much to ask this rich and cultured youth to become like these penniless fishermen, and the Nazarene idealist they follow. And the worst of it is that he knows Christ is right, and that is why he went away sorrowful; it was with the sorrow of a soul that dared not follow its ideal.

The complaint which Tolstoi brings against Christians is that they do not believe that Christ meant what He said. Because Christ often spoke in parables, they try to treat His whole teaching as parabolic, and in order to defend their own imperfect embodiment of Christianity they are driven to minimise the force of Christ's most outspoken words. Let us be honest, then, for once. In this case Christ means exactly what He says, and no attenuation of His words is possible. He says that if a man has an extraordinary ambition, he must be prepared to pay an extraordinary price for it; if he would be perfect, he must be poor. It does not follow that every man who would be perfect must take vows of poverty, but unquestionably in very many cases this is still the price. A man may be a good enough man and keep his wealth, but if he would be perfect he must give it away. It is not a part or a tithe,—so much this youth had already done,—it is all, everything; and then is gained that added touch of character that makes perfection. In the view of this youth, perfection is worth a good deal, but it is not worth this. In the view of Christ it is worth everything. What worth do you put on it? If you really want it, you will not haggle over the price. It is a hard saying of Christ's, and few there be who can receive it; but when a man obeys it in sincerity of heart, when he becomes a fool for Christ's sake, when he goes to the New Hebrides as Paton did, or leaves the University to live in the slums, as many to-day are doing, then he can cry,—

Renounce joy for a fellow's sake,
That's joy beyond joy.

No man can give up so much to be a Christian as he gives up by not being one, and renunciation such as this is beatitude.

W. J. DAWSON.

WE shall not always be content with a philanthropy that picks up the victims as they fly

broken from the wheel of oppression; we will stop the wheel itself.—DR. STALKER.

JAMES STALKER, M.A., D.D.: TWO CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.—BY THE REV. A. F. FORREST.

"THE boy is father of the man," and in the popular minister and author of to-day one readily recalls the James Stalker of more than thirty years ago in the Morrison Academy in Crieff. He was well to the front then as he is now—diligent and hardworking, caring little for pastimes and recreations in his eagerness to learn and to accomplish his aims and ambition. Knox, the schoolmaster, took early note of his quality, and interested himself in him in a marked degree. Amongst the boys, Stalker was a prodigy of information and knowledge. The Dialectical Society in connection with the Academy, composed of teachers and senior scholars, admitted him to its membership even before he had reached the age or position required by the rules, and gave him a part in one of the debates. Many will remember that occasion. A student, now a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, just returned from the Glasgow University, where he had carried off several first prizes, was his opponent. The precocious Stalker went at him in the wordy contest with such energy and adroitness that the prizeman was thoroughly floored, and the youngster unanimously accorded the laurels of victory.

But James Stalker was known, even at that early period, as more than a scholar and a debater. He was known as a Christian, and a Christian who had made a complete surrender of himself to Christ; and his consecration revealed itself in a beautiful and useful Christian life. "He was so wise and good, so true and noble, that I never knew his like as a youth," was remarked to me not long ago by an old schoolfellow. I heard the suggestion somewhere, recently, that no one should be admitted as a candidate for the Christian ministry who has not previously shown a taste and an aptitude for Christian work. The suggestion is admirable; and, had it been followed during the last fifty years, would have saved some of our congregations from ministerial inefficients. Stalker graduated as a Christian worker even before he had started on his University curriculum. When the ministry was as yet far off, it seemed as if his soul was on fire with zeal to save men, and promote the glory of his Lord and Saviour. Not satisfied that the Sabbath Morning Fellowship Meeting, of which he was the leading spirit, should serve only the mutual improvement of its members, he organized them into a band of evangelistic workers. The town was divided into districts, and the lads went out, two by two, each Sabbath, and left a tract at every house.

The elder ones held cottage prayer-meetings, and there was a meeting in the Weavers' Hall in the evening, for which the young men engaged the services of the local ministers, and of laymen with the evangelistic gift.

At the University of Edinburgh, which he entered in 1866, and, subsequently, at the Divinity College of the Free Church, Stalker showed the same qualities as at the Academy, and won the same distinction. He spent two summers, in his student years, in Germany, and took classes at the colleges of Berlin and Halle. This did not spoil him, as it has spoiled so many of our divinity students. It did him good, and not evil. It expanded his mind and enlarged his outlook; gave him broader sympathies and wider toleration, while leaving undiminished the ardour and zeal without which religion, however intellectual and logical its construction, is of little interest or utility.

In 1874 Mr. Stalker became minister of St. Brycedale Free Church, Kirkcaldy. Five years afterwards he published his first book—*The Life of Christ*, a handbook for use in Bible classes. This little book brought him widely into notice, and was the foundation of his subsequent fame. It met a want, and met it admirably; and, after all these years, one still says, "there is none like that; give it me." Handbooks, as a rule, are most difficult and tiresome reading; but this one, without sacrificing anything of its special character and function, is as popular at the fire-side as it is useful in the classroom. It is short, yet one does not feel as if anything was left out. The book is like a lantern slide, very small of itself, but, thrown on the screen of the intelligent reader's mind, he is charmed with a large and beautiful picture in which no detail is lacking. The *Life of Paul*, a book of the same class, was published by Mr. Stalker five years later. Although not so well known as the other book, this possesses the same excellences, and has, perhaps, fewer blemishes. After ten years of the pastorate, Mr. Stalker had acquired an easier and plainer style, and had got rid of the hard words and phrases which are apt to cling to the pen of the young man fresh from the work and society of the University. In the *Imago Christi*—published after Mr. Stalker's removal to Glasgow in 1887—we observe a still further advance towards a simple and flowing diction. While the subject matter of the last-named book is more difficult than that of the *Life of Christ*, it will be read with greater understanding and pleasure by the ordinary reader.

A book entitled the *Four Men* is scarcely worthy of Mr. Stalker's reputation; but, we understand, it was published by him with reluctance. The invitation to give the Yale Lectures on Preaching (1891), in succession to such men as Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks, R. W. Dale, and W. M. Taylor, was a great compliment to Mr. Stalker; and the University of Glasgow followed it up by conferring the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. The Yale appointment furnished Dr. Stalker with a new field for the exercise of his gifts. He did his work well, and, while *The Preacher and his Models* does not take a first place in homiletic literature, it may be read with much profit, in the way of advice and stimulus, by young ministers. The little bits of personal experience are very interesting, and show a man whose heart is entirely in his work, and aglow with a mighty passion to attain the true ends of the Gospel ministry.

Dr. Stalker, as a preacher, impresses one with his sincerity and downright earnestness. There is the unmistakable "accent of conviction" in his sermons—he asks his hearers to accept truths which he has himself accepted, and found to be truths, and a blessing and a joy to his own soul. He is very bold—he fears God, and none besides. He is not one of the "mealy-mouthed" order of preachers. St. Matthew's has resounded, during the last six years, with doctrines—even social and political doctrines—which were never heard there before, and which have made venerable Free-kirkers uneasy in their pews. But it is a man of God who speaks them; and it is wonderful how people restrain themselves when that conviction has possession of their souls.

Is Dr. Stalker "a great preacher"? He is not, if the question is put in the ordinary sense. To one previously acquainted with his books, he is somewhat disappointing, not in manner only, but even in matter. His sermons are certainly not commonplace—they bear signs of a well-informed and thoughtful mind; but they are little, if anything, above the average of the Scottish pulpit. His reputation is due to his books rather than to his pulpit work. Dr. Stalker does not take his MS. into the pulpit—he is content with a half-sheet of writing paper, which he somewhat ostentatiously lifts into view at the beginning of each of his three orthodox heads. His sermons are not extempore, in the ordinary sense, but written, and in part committed. It would be an improvement, perhaps, if they were committed entirely, or read. Nature never intended Dr. Stalker for an extempore preacher. He has laboriously, and with his wonted conscientiousness—for he regards the use of the MS. as a sacred duty—cultivated the art, but only with partial success. He requires the leisure and quiet of the study to do his best literary work.

Dr. Stalker is a notable example of what may be done by a moderately gifted man who devotes himself to his work, and spares upon it neither time nor pains. Without the speculative genius of A. B. Bruce, or the wide scholarship and culture of Marcus Dods, he is behind neither of them in his services to the Church and to Christianity. In the preface to *Imago Christi*, Dr. Stalker says that that work was a gradual growth. The same is true of all his best books—they were not got up in a hurry. In various forms—as prayer-meeting addresses, sermons, etc.—and during several years they were used in his ministerial work; and only after the thought had thoroughly matured and the language been again and again revised and polished, did he give them to the world.

Theologically, Dr. Stalker is a cautious follower rather than a daring leader. He will not yield a position at the first assault, but only when he sees the last of his defences levelled to the earth. An adherent of Mr. Gladstone in politics, and a thorough Radical, Dr. Stalker is like Mr. Gladstone in having a decidedly conservative disposition. He has studied the modern Biblical problems; but his controversy with Professor G. A. Smith did not promise much help from him in their settlement.

Among the students of the Free Church, Dr. Stalker is a considerable favourite, although not so popular as Bruce or Dods, or G. A. Smith, owing, partly, to his less bold and adventurous spirit. They think him "sair hadden doon wi' the bubbly-jock" of orthodoxy—a damning fault in the eyes of the coming men of "light and leading." And, among intelligent and earnest young men generally, Dr. Stalker is looked upon as a true guide and helper. He may not be "a young man's minister," as I heard one remark, possessed of more than ordinary discernment, but his undoubted scholarship and ability, his frank and manly recognition of difficulties and courage in facing them, and his earnest, devoted spirit and high character will always make him popular among young men to a great extent, and they will listen to him as a teacher. But he has not the open and genial manner which attracts young men. Young men look for a warm grip of the hand, a hearty word, and, above all, a sympathetic and kindly eye, and these are not always found in Dr. Stalker, at least in his general intercourse. He would do well to sacrifice some of his pleasure in books—he calls himself a "bookworm"—and come out and mingle with men, studying them as can only be done in free and unrestrained intercourse with them in all circumstances and on all occasions. He might write fewer books; but he would be a greater power amongst his people, and ultimately, perhaps, do as much good in the world.

II.—BY DEAS CROMARTY.

I WONDER how many of us are fit to write "character-sketches" of our fellow-creatures! An "impression" is another thing. Impressions we must have: they come, and they stay, and we have only to see that they are perfectly honest, unspecked by jealousy, clear of needless error, and kept in the daylight of brotherliness. An impression I am bound to have, as an exercise of myself, but it is only a photograph to serve *pro tem*. A character-sketch is an attempt at biography done in a person's presence—a pretty difficult sort of thing, and pre-supposing no small acquaintance with the subject. In attempting this one has to steer boldly—yet not too boldly—between the Charybdis of flattery and the Scylla of impudence, and it is needful to pray for grace while one puts the stuffing into one's ears.

Nobody can pass by Dr. Stalker. He has always been one of those who excite attention and interest as they move and develop themselves among their fellows, and I do not forget the sense of a robust individuality which came to me when I saw him enter a church—not his own—and heard a sermon which now forms part of one of his books. One felt at once, and all through, to the end of worship, that here was the religious man, the resolute self-developed man of the northern world, whose nature had fire in it under a close-gathering peat, whose concern was with the greatest of all matters, and whose will threw itself tensely at the centre of the target. I remember comparing him, in my own mind, that evening, to a blacksmith. The dark, strung energy of the moderate figure was like that of a man at the anvil, using force but measuring it, driving at a point but guarding the blow. This, I was quite aware, was by no means the whole of him; it was what I saw and heard in the preacher. In Dr. Stalker's case the preacher is not quite the whole of the man, though he is a very earnest and resolute part. There is another, who has never had full swing save once—perhaps hardly then—but who goes occasionally to a meeting, and stands upon a form to shout. That man could do singular things, if Dr. Stalker would permit. He would be a more impulsive, a more free-spoken creature; he would have more to say, and would be less of an influence. We have all got somebody of this sort in the breast, who needs to be "held in with bit and bridle," but we don't always recognise the fact, or set ourselves to the management. Some of us are a little late in the business, and are doubles for the whole of life. Dr. Stalker must have early resolved that he would have the control of the other-one; in the lessons of the boy, the toil of the student, the forecasts of the probationer, the manifold possibilities of the minister and church-

man, he has been firm to achieve the best which God could give him as a teacher of men and women. And the influence he has come to is a legitimate possession. It is the respect we give to the Puritan idea of life, steadfastly cherished and enforced. Dr. Stalker started out with the great Puritan persuasions (doctrines of duty and responsibility), and he has never thought of dropping them; he cannot forgive those who sit at ease in Zion. We have to discipline ourselves, to do the hard thing; we have to work out our own salvation with fear and trembling, because it is God that worketh in us. On this, and all connected with it, he insists, and it is far from being a popular gospel. Let us honour him, then, for pledging himself so thoroughly.

At the same time, if he stands for certain ideas which are conservative, it is by no means as a hermit. There is a "blend" which is peculiarly Scottish, and Dr. Stalker has some of it, though not so much as certain of his early friends. It consists, equally, in the serious apprehension of life and of spiritual logic, for one part; in acquaintance with the world and a taste for humanities for the other part. Blended, you have types of character and genius that have ruled and do rule wherever Christianity is understood in its nature and power. The Free Church is richer in these types than any other, and Dr. Stalker is one by himself. He could take freedom, but he will not; he has pursued culture, now he halts and looks back to the stockade whence he set out. A certain pathos begins to be the under-note, as if he said, "Oh, do not be so sure, so very sure of yourselves, fellows! Adventure is fine, no doubt, but you are not all fit for it. There is one thing you are fit for, and that is Duty. Between duty and the man there is a correspondence, and to effect this correspondence, not to liberate the intellect, is the office of religion. Let us be good."

This I conceive to be the position Dr. Stalker maintains with so much ability and earnestness, in his middle period of ministry. "It is with no sense of having attained that I speak to you," he says. "The furthest I ever get in the way of confidence is to believe that I shall preach well next time." These are the words of a man, who, in the deep of life, would help his brother men to live. He is not buoyant, he does not take life with humour—that marigold flower on the cup of broth—and for my own part I think we may trust God even with the passionate heart and the unappeased mind. But Dr. James Stalker is a faithful minister of Jesus Christ in the city of Glasgow, and his personal example is the best of his works. It will be observed that I have nothing to say here as to his literary work.

A VISIT TO THRUMS—I.

By THE REV. GEORGE JACKSON, B.A.

KIRRIEMUIR, or "Kirrie," as the inhabitants sometimes familiarly call it, is the little weaving-town in Forfarshire, which Mr. Barrie has made famous under the name of "Thrums." It lies about five miles north-west of Forfar, the county town, and about sixty-two miles north of Edinburgh. You pass through Forfar *en route* for Thrums, and though my Baddeley assured me that the town "contains absolutely nothing to interest the tourist, unless he be curious about the 'witches' bridle"—a gag placed in the mouths of the women who were condemned to the stake for witchcraft," I resolved, nevertheless, to walk the rest of the journey. I had no curiosity concerning the "bridle," but Forfar is "Tilliedrum," and I wanted to follow Jamie, on that last sad

[From a Photo by
W. RALSTON, 140,
Douglas Street, Glasgow.]

MR. J. M. BARRIE.

home-coming, when Leebie was gone, and Henry's loom was still, and Jess no longer watched the brae. I passed through Zoar—the name is there still—at the north end of Tilliedrum, where Jamie when he came from London used to wait with his box for Hookey Crewe, the post; but this time Hookey pulled up his pony in vain: "He stood for the space o' a meenute lookin' straucht at me, as if he would like to come forrit, but dauredna, an' syne he turned an' strided

awa ower the muir like a huntit thing. I sat still i' the cart, an' when he was far awa' he stoppit an' lookit again, but a' my cryin' wouldna bring him a step back, an' i' the end I drove on." It is a quiet, commonplace bit of road from Tillie-

drum to Thrums, and before I had got far rain began to fall heavily; but there was companionship enough in the memory of that simple tragedy of humble life. We look for great things from Mr. Barrie yet, but will he ever get beyond the closing chapters of *The Window in Thrums*? How often I have read them I do not know; but even now, if I try to read them aloud, my voice chokes.

It will be remembered that Jamie did not follow the main road right into Thrums; had he done so, he would have come at once upon the cottage at the top

of the brae without crossing the commonty. Instead, he turned off to the right at a little distance from the town, and entered it near to where the railway station now is, by the dusty road that twists towards the south from the outlet of the "cup" through which the "Whunny" flows.¹ I had not poor Jamie's reason for avoiding the cottage, so keeping the main road, I dropped down the brae and reached the square which is "Thrums' heart."

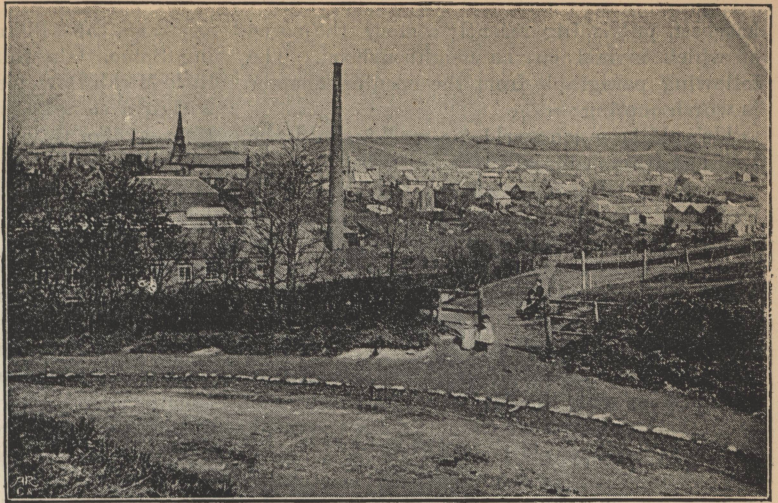
¹ See the first draft of *When a Man's Single*.

THE THRUMS OF TO-DAY.

Time has wrought many changes in Thrums since the days of the old dominie of Glen Quharity. It is no longer "but a handful of houses jumbled together in a cup." The "cup" has long since overflowed; and now, as you look down upon the little town from the burying-ground or from the top of the path that climbs the com-monty, it has quite a thriving, modern look with its big mills and elegant villas dotted here and there. Thrums is as "red" as ever it was,¹ but the old thatched roofs are gone, and instead—"roofs of slated hideousness." The post-office still lurks in the crooked street that jerks off from one corner of the square, but Lizzie Harrison and her crooked ways are no more, and the dull decorum of official law and order reigns in her stead. Hookey Crewe, with his motto "slow *and* sure," who made it his boast that the letters always did eventually reach their destination, he, too, is gone; for Thrums has now its own railway station, and that makes all the difference. Names, too, are being gradually changed. Roods Street

¹ The town is built throughout of red sandstone.

² "With enamelled labels on them," says the chronicler, "for the guidance of slow people who forget their address, and have to run to the end of the street and look up every time they write a letter."



[From a Photo by
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

KIRRIEMUIR.

—the road which climbs to the north from the square "straight up the bowl, as if anxious to get out of it"—represents "The Roods" of Mr. Barrie's stories; Tillyloss has given way to Newton Bank, Craft Head to Croft Terrace, and so on.² "Muckle Friday"³ is still observed, but with dwindling interest. What has befallen the Auld Licht Kirk a later paragraph will tell. But of all the changes in Thrums the greatest is in the life of the Thrums weaver himself. Fifty years ago you might have heard the rattle of the hand loom in almost every cottage, but now you need to search for them: one I chanced to hear just on the outskirts of the town, and a second I was taken to see; but they are few, and worked only by men too old and stiff to go to the mills. A few years more, and the old back-bent Thrums weaver with his "wobs"⁴ and cruizey will live

for us only in the pages of Mr. Barrie's books. And so that ponderous steam-roller that we call "civilization" is flattening down all "irregularities," and by-and-by Thrums will be as respectable and conventional as Mrs. Grundy herself could wish. The *Kirriemuir Observer*—a spirited little weekly paper, distributed gratis,

³ The first Friday after the half-yearly term.

⁴ i.e. "Webs," similarly, "caddis" is the refuse of the yarn; the "lay" is the wooden framework within which the shuttle passes to and fro.



[From a Photo by
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

THE BIRTHPLACE OF J. M. BARRIE, KIRRIEMUIR.

has been publishing recently a story, the scene of which is laid in the neighbourhood. The following paragraph from the opening chapter is worth quoting:—

"It's a' like a noo warld tae me," insisted the Laird; "trains runnin' through the bonnie Vale o' Lumlie; engines reekin' i' the ance quiet Hedges o' Gumdey; bills stickin' a' ower the stanes an' palins i' the Ranges o' Roby tellin' you faur tae buy your whuskey or get your breeks made; auld folk an' young a' huddled thegither for ten hoors ilka day amon' the sooch o' wheels an' clatter o' looms; bairns growin' a' sae clever noo that they lauch at their mithers; hale raws o' cosy thackit hooses torn doon tae mak room for bigger an' cauldier slatit anes; ay, lads, oor verra banes 'ull no lie aside oor fathers', for oor auld Kirkyaird's lockit till the Day o' Judgement. Tae me, it's a verra noo warld."

And yet, despite all that man and that august abstraction, Time, have done and undone, Thrums is not so changed that you can by any possibility mistake it. I walked through the kirkwynd that hoops round the old graveyard. Hender Robb, razor in hand, might still have been looking for his chin in his peeling glass, and Aundra Lunan still sitting in terror of "Her," ready for church eighteen hours too soon, with his red pictorial handkerchief hanging from a pocket of his coat-tails. Snecky Hobart no longer danders about the kirkyard, but Thrums has not given up its bellman, and every night at eight o'clock the bell tolls from the tall church steeple that still keeps its eye upon the square. Nor is the square itself much altered. "The stones on which the butter-wives sat have disappeared, and with them the clay walls and the outside stairs. Gone, too, is the stair of the town-house, from the top of which the drummer roared the gossip of the week on Sabbaths to country folk, to the scandal of all who knew that the proper thing on that day is to keep your blinds down. But the town-house itself, round and red, still makes exit to the south troublesome. Wherever streets meet the square there is a house in the centre of them, and thus the heart of Thrums is a box, in which the stranger finds himself suddenly, wondering at first how he is to get out, and presently how he got in."

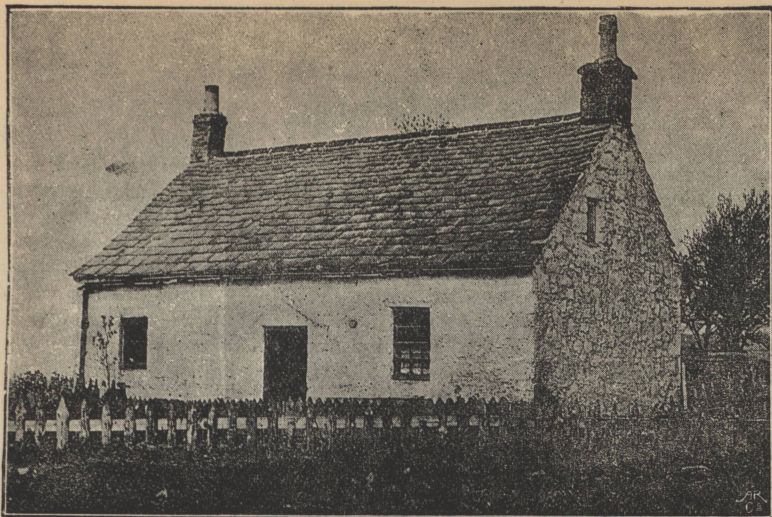
Most of the places, familiar at least in name to my readers, are easily identified. I saw the Tenements where Tammas Haggart lived, and where James Matthew Barrie himself was born. I climbed the straight road that leads to the burying-ground where Tammas used to come in search of humour, and Davit Lunan had his remarkable view of the Quharity schoolhouse, and the news came of Rob Angus's marriage. A little further from the town, in a dyke that

separates the hill from a fir-wood, is the Standing Stone, "the fairy-book of Thrums," where little Micah Dow pleaded with poor Babbie, and within a stone's-cast the very spot—the Toad's Hole—where Gavin and Babbie were soon to be made man and wife over the tongs. Descending the hill again, this time on the side away from Thrums, I reached the North Muir. Here is Caddam Wood, with its strange memories of the Egyptian and Nancy and *The Tragedy of a Mud House*, and Windy-ghoul, where the Little Minister had his first sight of Babbie. Windy-ghoul is a rough, neglected road, half-choked with dead leaves; but as I saw it that June day under the overhanging trees, flecked with sunlight and fringed with golden gorse, the birds and squirrels keeping holiday in the silent wood, it seemed as if at any moment the Egyptian might again come dancing onwards, a sprig of rowan berries in her dark hair.

But it is time to get back to Thrums, for as yet I have said nothing of the cottage, the manse, or the Auld Licht Kirk.

"THE HOUSE ON THE BRAE."

"On the bump of green round which the brae twists, at the top of the brae and within cry of T'nowehead Farm, still stands a one-storey house, whose whitewashed walls, streaked with the discoloration that rain leaves, look yellow when the snow comes. In the old days the house stood bare, without a shrub, in a garden whose paling did not go all the way round, the potato-pit being only kept out of the road, that here sets off southward, by a broken dyke of stones and earth. On each side of the slate-coloured door was a window of knotted glass. Ropes were flung over the thatch to keep the roof on in wind." This is Hendry's cot that Leeby kept so speckless, where Jess wept for her dead Joey and watched so long for the son who never came. The paling has been repaired, and the roof needs no ropes to keep it on in windy weather; otherwise there is little change. At the time of my visit the cottage was to let, and I had the opportunity of seeing over it, though indeed "seeing over it" is a much too sounding phrase to use in such a connection. Anything more humble or primitive could hardly be imagined: two tiny rooms, one on either side of the door, and a small garret reached by a ricketty ladder, and a square hole through the rafters—that is all. "The flooring is not steady, and here and there holes have been eaten into the planks. You can scarcely stand upright beneath the decaying ceiling. Worn boards and ragged walls, and the dusty ribs fallen from the fire-place are all that meet your eyes." In one detail Mr. Barrie has not been bound by literal fact. Jess's window was of course in the room to the right as you enter. The real window (as



[From a Photo by
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

THE "WINDOW IN THRUMS."

the illustration shows), no bigger than a port-hole, looks out from the tiny garret above.

Immediately opposite the cottage, and forming with it the three points of a triangle, are Viewmount House (with its back to the road), where Mr. Barrie resides with his father and mother, and T'nowehed Farm,¹ the goal of Sanders Elshioner and Sam'l Dickie, when on that memorable Sabbath they raced for a wife, and the spot where Tammas Haggart, that terrible "sarcasticist," and his admirers foregathered. Between the Barries' house and the farm runs the main road to Tilliedrum, to which I have already referred, and along which Hookey Crewe came with the registered letter from the son in London.

"THE WHITE MANSE AMONG THE TREES."

There is no difficulty in picking out the manse: it "stands high with a sharp eye on all the town." With what loving minuteness it has been described! "When Margaret entered the manse on Gavin's arm, it was a whitewashed house of five rooms, with a garret in which the minister could sleep if he had guests, as during the fast week. It stood with its garden within high walls, and the roof facing southward was carpeted with moss that

¹ Known to "Kirrie" as Pathhead Farm, though there is a farm in the neighbourhood bearing this name.

shone in the sun in a dozen shades of green and yellow. Three firs guarded the house from west winds, but blasts from the north often tore down the steep fields and skirled through the manse, banging all its doors at once. A beech growing on the east side leant over the roof as if to gossip with the well in the courtyard. The garden was to the south, and was over full of gooseberry and currant bushes." Changes have come since then, here as elsewhere: no little ministers tenant the manse

now, for the Auld Lichts have long been without a pastor, and the house is let to strangers; new rooms have been added, and with the thatch the moss has gone from the roof. In Gavin Disheart's days every back window of the Tenements had a glint of it, and so the back of the Tenements was always better behaved than the front. "Dagone that manse!" said Beattie. "I never gie a swear but there it is glowering at me." It is to be hoped that the dwellers in the Tenements to-day have some stronger incentives to virtue than Beattie, for modern villas now completely shut out the view of the house. Yet with all changes it is still "the white manse among the trees," and for the sake of Margaret and Gavin we love it.

(To be concluded.)



[From a Photo by
VALENTINE & SONS, Dundee.]

AULD LICHT MANSE.

MY FIRST SERMON.

II.—By ARCHDEACON FARRAR, D.D.

I HAVE no such exciting story to tell as that with which Dr. Parker has interested your readers. My account of "my first sermon" is as prosaic and humble as it possibly can be. My severest critic could hardly rank me lower as a preacher than I rank myself. My conception of what a preacher should be is so high, and my consciousness of the immensity by which I fall short of that ideal is so keen, that I never had the faintest tendency to vanity on that subject. What should the preacher be? He should stand, as it were, upon a watch-tower, like the Hebrew prophets of old, and sway the destinies of nations, breaking down and building up; he should be like a heavenly archer, and hurl into the dark heart his arrows of lightning. He should be in his measure a statesman, and sometimes like Phocion, or like Hannibal after Zama, or like Thiers after Sedan, he should fire despairing nations with constancy and hope; sometimes, like Chatham or Pitt, he should teach them to be of good cheer and hurl defiance at their foes. He should be the enemy of the oppressor, the champion of the oppressed. Like Isaiah and Savonarola, he should make guilty cities tremble in the midst of their sensual festivities. Like the Lord and Master, he should be as dew to the scorched wilderness; he should undo the heavy burden and let the oppressed go free; he should always "smite the hoary head of inveterate abuse," but never break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax. What largeness of sympathy, what tenderness of compassion, what keenness of insight, what dauntless courage does he require! How must he be prepared to sacrifice everything to conscience and to truth; to confront the clenched antagonism of immoral and exasperated interests; to face the banded conspiracies of the world, and to denounce the agreements with death and the covenants with hell when he sees the Church walking amicably arm-in-arm with the flesh and the devil.

Any one who speaks, or tries to speak, the truth that is in him,—who tries to avoid conventionalities; who hates shams; who, at all costs, utterly refuses "to offer to God the unclean sacrifice of a lie"; who prefers striking out against the stream of popular religionism rather than the easy task of gaining applause and preferment by swimming with it; who holds it to be the last thing a preacher ought to do to answer people according to their idols—is sure to hear such unsparing and such virulent abuse of himself as may keep him keenly alive to his own exceeding insignifi-

cance, and to his own many defects and limitations. One of my critics informed me the other day that I was "a poor mixture of Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming, without the robustious humour of the one, and without the *Scotch accent* of the other." I laughed heartily at this singular anticlimax. These amenities are a peculiar outcome of certain forms of "religion," and are a special mark of religious controversialists. And as for the judgment pronounced in these and other smart epigrams, I can only say that it never occurred to me to be a pretender to the gifts or popularity of the two gentlemen named. It may be quite true that I intensify all their defects and possess none of their merits, or any other merit. It is very sad, but—

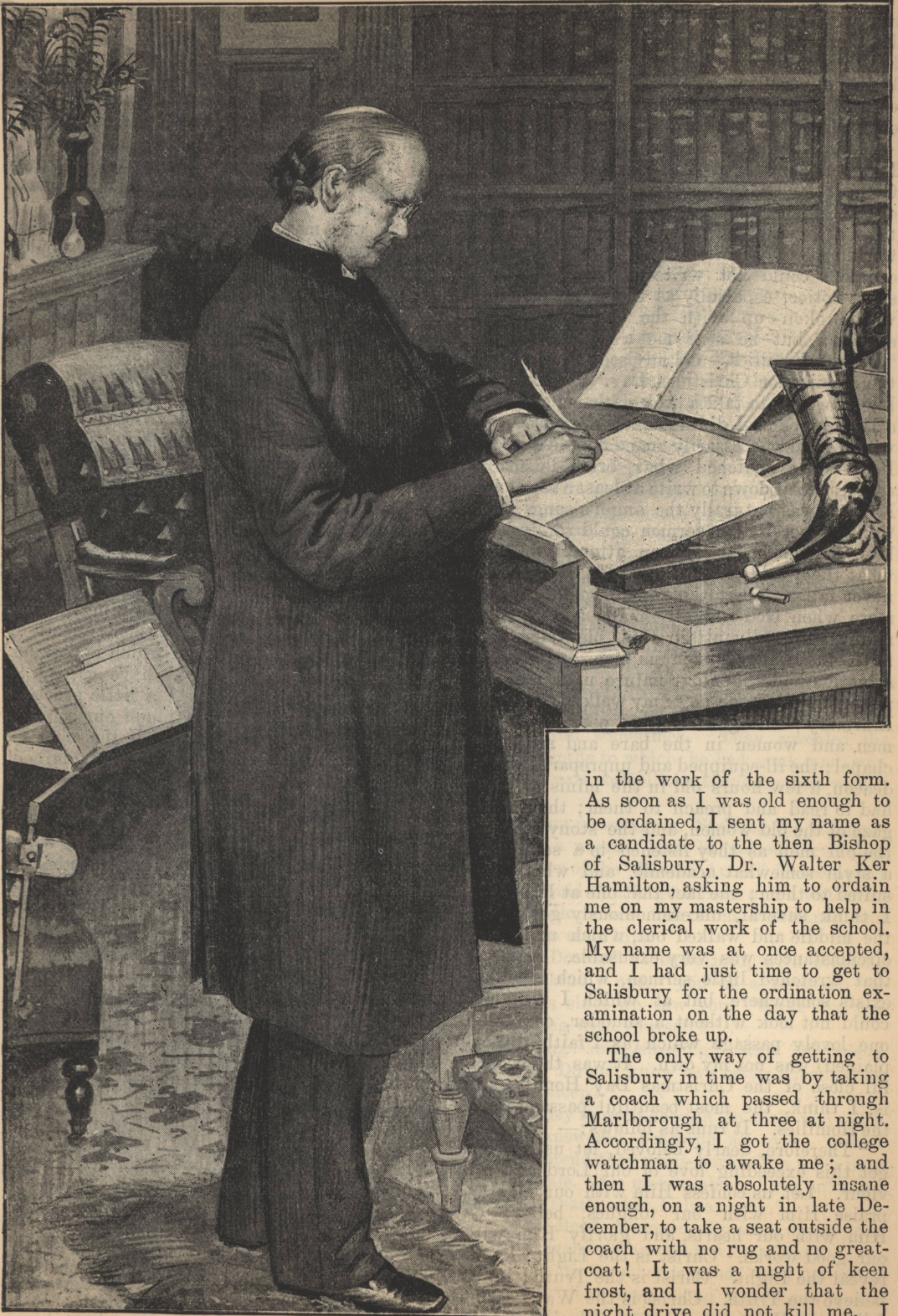
If it be so, so it is you know;
And if it be so, so be it!

Meanwhile, I say with a much greater man than either of them, F. W. Robertson,—*"Eloquence, rhetoric, impressive discourses, etc., etc., etc.,—soft gliding swallows and smooth impudent tom-tits—is the true worth of the best orator in the world."*

This is a digression, but it is only meant to show that if I assent to the request that I would tell the story of my first sermon, it is with full knowledge that "Story!—I have none to tell, sir;"—and certainly that it is not told with the least notion that it has led to preaching at which I feel anything but profound and humbling self-dissatisfaction.

These, however, were the circumstance of my first sermon.

My life has been planned and guided for me. When I stood for my degree at Cambridge, I did not know what my lot was to be. I had decided to become a candidate for Holy Orders; but whether I should stay up at Trinity College, Cambridge, try for a fellowship, and live on it as a tutor, or whether I should take a curacy somewhere in the country, or whether I should seek work as a schoolmaster, or whether I should become a missionary as my father was before me, all these things lay, as Homer says, "on the knees of the gods." The call and the direction came unsought. Before my degree was out I received a letter from the Head Master of Marlborough College, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta, Dr. G. E. L. Cotton, asking me to accept a mastership in Wiltshire College. I obeyed the call, and after a few weeks Dr. Cotton, who remained a very dear friend to me, and corresponded with me up to the day of his sudden and lamented death, asked me to be his colleague



ARCHDEACON FARRAR AT WORK IN HIS STUDY.

in the work of the sixth form. As soon as I was old enough to be ordained, I sent my name as a candidate to the then Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Walter Ker Hamilton, asking him to ordain me on my mastership to help in the clerical work of the school. My name was at once accepted, and I had just time to get to Salisbury for the ordination examination on the day that the school broke up.

The only way of getting to Salisbury in time was by taking a coach which passed through Marlborough at three at night. Accordingly, I got the college watchman to awake me; and then I was absolutely insane enough, on a night in late December, to take a seat outside the coach with no rug and no great-coat! It was a night of keen frost, and I wonder that the night drive did not kill me. I felt congealed to the very bone,

and when we got to Salisbury I felt very ill. Fortunately, however, I was young, and my health was very strong; and although everybody noticed how ghastly I looked when I entered the Bishop's hall for examination, I escaped with nothing worse than a bad cold.

I was ordained on Christmas Day, 1854, and I was appointed to read the Gospel in the Cathedral. On the morning of that day one of the Salisbury clergy wrote and asked me to take a service and to preach for him at the workhouse in the afternoon. He said that of course I could not write a sermon at such short notice, especially as the whole morning was broken up with the long ordination service; but he sent me a volume of the "Church Homilies," and advised me to preach the Homily for Christmas Day. I felt a dislike, however, to take a book with me and read a Homily which I did not know very well, and which would necessarily sound a little archaic. I therefore snatched what brief leisure I could, and sat down to write at least a sermonet. My text was naturally the angel's song, and I think a poorer little sermon could rarely have been preached. It was an attempt to show what the world might have been if man had never fallen; what the world would be once more when God was all in all; and how we might personally attain this blessedness by faith in Him who for us men and for our salvation had taken our nature upon Him. I remember the scene now: my walk to Salisbury Infirmary; the gathering of poor feeble old men and women in the bare and miserable chapel; the ill-equipped and unprepared young deacon, a few hours old in the ministry, who had to read and preach to them; the vacant gaze of the old women, and the stony stare of the old men as they listened to a sermon of a style somewhat academic, and wholly unsuited to them; the fact that one at least, and I think several, unceremoniously got up in the middle and walked out, which under the circumstances was very excusable. And yet that wretched little sermon, which I believe exists somewhere, but at which I certainly could not look without a shudder, contained one lovely passage which (as I faithfully explained) was not my own. It was the beautiful close of the Christmas Day Homily, and is, I think, the most beautiful passage in all the Homilies. It runs as follows:—

"Therefore, dearly beloved, let us not forget this exceeding love of our Lord and Saviour. Let us confess Him with our mouths, praise Him with our tongues, believe on Him with our hearts, and glorify Him with our good works. Christ is the Light; let us reveal the Light. Christ is the Truth; let us believe the Truth. Christ is the Way; let us follow the Way. And because He is our only Master, our only Teacher, our only Shepherd,

and Chief Captain, let us become His scholars, His soldiers, His sheep, His servants. . . . Let us receive Christ not for a time, but for ever; let us believe His word not for a time, but for ever; let us become His servants not for a time, but for ever; considering that He hath redeemed us not for a time, but for ever, and will receive us into His heavenly kingdom, there to reign with Him, not for a time, but for ever."¹

Such was my first sermon, preached in a country workhouse, and a dead failure, I should imagine, if ever there was one. Why, it may be asked, did I not take what would have been the natural and much more effective course, and speak to the poor people a few words extempore? Often and often since I have preached extempore to poor haymakers in a barn, and to great congregations in cathedrals and elsewhere, and probably, with a little training, it would have come even more easy to me to preach without a manuscript than with one. But I had never had one quarter of a minute's training or advice about either reading or preaching, and it never occurred to me that I could preach without book. The chief thing that strikes me as I look back across the vista of nearly forty years, is how sad was the neglect of that ordinary training, which might have made so many of us more effective, who belong to the generation which is passing away; how much we might have gained, if we had even been vouchsafed a little practice in the art of reading. How much our congregations might have been saved, if the elementary rules of elocution had ever been explained to us, and, above all, if some little instruction had been imparted to us about those things which constitute the faults or the merits of sermons! It would have been something even if we had merely been told what masters to study, and every *exemplar vitiis imitabile* which we ought to avoid. This is done to a much greater extent in America than in England, and the American pulpit is proportionally the gainer. More, I believe, is now done than used to be done, but less than ought to be done. But we of earlier date were left to stumble on our way as best we could. We might have done better if any one had pointed out to us the path. Experience is a somewhat hard and unsympathetic teacher: she tries to show us how we should build; but sometimes we learn her lessons too late; and in any case it is wiser to build upon foundations than upon ruins.

¹ My collateral ancestor, Robert Farrar, Bishop of St. David's, burnt for the Protestant faith at Carmarthen in the reign of Queen Mary, was a chaplain of Cranmer's, and is known to have had some share in the Homilies. I try to persuade myself that he wrote this homily, and so lent me the only good part of my first sermon.

DOCTOR DICK:

A STORY OF THE CORNISH MINES.

BY SILAS K. HOCKING,

Author of "One in Charity," "For Light and Liberty," "Where Duty Lies," "For Abigail," "Her Benny," etc.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGE MEETING.

TREVANION did not remain long at the changing-house. His personal appearance—except at rare moments—had ceased to trouble him: he had got beyond that. There had been a time when he was vain enough of his looks, and not a little proud of his splendid physique. But those days were past and gone. As hope died out of his heart, the finer instincts of his nature gradually shared the same fate. He ceased to chafe at threadbare and ill-fitting clothes, ceased to rail at unlovely surroundings. What did it matter! Pessimism with him became a disease, which, like a cancer, ate its way into the texture and fibre of his moral nature, destroying all its finer sensibilities, and rendering him largely indifferent to those sweet and gentle influences that sometimes touch men from without.

He had loved his father and mother very devotedly, and during his school and college days had formed many friendships; but the recollection of this was no pleasure to him now. Every friend that he had made had turned his back upon him. Who cares to reckon a "ne'er-dowell" among his chums, or to recognise a whilom comrade who is down at the heels and in disgrace? Trevanion did not blame his companions of other years. They had gone up, and he had gone down. Gone down, not that he was so much worse than other folks, but because the fates had been against him. And they had gone up, not because they were so much better than he, but because they had been quicker to hoist sail when the tide was at its flood, and fate had been kinder in putting better opportunities in their way. Life was all a throw of the dice, and he had been unlucky; that was the sum and substance of his philosophy. It was of no use complaining or fighting against fate: he would have to live out his life till death came to end the struggle, and if by any means he could forget the past and cease to trouble about the future, that he should aim for. Hence the "Miners' Arms" became to him the most inviting place, and alcohol was the best antidote for all life's troubles.

When he left the changing-house, he avoided the village as much as possible, striking out across the fields. April was dying in glorious weather; on all hands the woods and hedges

were breaking into leaf, while the meadows were already jewelled with buttercups and daisies. High in the blue heavens the larks were trilling forth their jubilant songs, and from out the green-
ing woods, the full-throated voice of the thrush struck melody through the balmy air.

On a wooden bridge that spanned the river, he paused for a few moments and leaned over the rail. Down in the clear, still depths of the water, his reflection arrested his attention, and held him with a kind of fascination. At first he could hardly believe that it was the reflection of himself: the shapeless cap, the dishevelled hair straying from underneath, the loose and ill-fitting jacket, the woollen comforter,—all seemed so different from the picture he used to see in his better days.

Ah! he was a handsome fellow then. How his mother's face used to light up with womanly pride when he came into her presence! and how interested she was in his scarfs and ties! He turned away at length with something like a groan, and continued his way with more rapid steps than before. These old memories almost angered him sometimes. They revealed the terrible depths to which he had sunk, and suggested the vast possibilities that once were within his reach.

He did not pause again. Striking the village at length by a narrow lane, he pushed forward in the direction of the "Miners' Arms." There, at any rate, he would find forgetfulness and a welcome.

The landlord saw him from a distance, and went out to meet him.

"Why, Doctor," he exclaimed, with beaming face and kindly eye, "you be a stranger. It seems ages since we saw you. What 'ave you been a-doing with yourself?"

"Working and sleeping," was the ready answer. "Do you know two better friends than work and sleep?"

"Aye, they're good enough in their way," the landlord answered, beaming all over; "but I always contend they want backin' up wi' a mug ov honest ale. Ale makes labour light an' sleep refreshin', that's what I always say."

"Ah, landlord, you naturally stick up for your trade," Trevanion answered, with a laugh.

"I sticks up for what is good," was the quick rejoinder. "Now come along inside an' have a taste of my last brew. I tell you it's prime. It'll fair make your hair curl."

"I don't trouble about my hair," was the reply. "If it will make me forget the world, the flesh, and the devil, that's all I ask for just at present."

The landlord laughed. "The first glass'll do that, take my word for it. An' the second glass'll make you burst half your buttons off with larfin'. Now come inside and try for yourself;" and the landlord disappeared within.

The next moment Trevanion started on the threshold, and turned quickly round. He might have been stung, so sudden was the movement, and so great was the surprise written upon every line of his face.

Before him stood a slender, girlish figure, with a sweet, gentle face upturned to his.

"I beg your pardon," he stammered, raising his shabby cap. "You spoke to me, I think."

Her lips were livid, her cheeks pale as death when he spoke, but now the warm blood came rushing back in a torrent. "Please forgive me," she said, trembling violently, "and do not think me rude. But I could not help asking you not to go in there. It was just a sudden impulse."

"But why should I not go in?" he asked, in considerable confusion.

"Oh, I do not know," she faltered, blushing still more deeply. "Only it seems such a pity. You should be brave and strong and courageous, as all true Englishmen are."

He laughed bitterly. Then, after a pause, he asked, in tones so gentle that he hardly recognised them as his own, "Where would you have me go?"

"Go home!" she said.

"Ah, lady," he answered quickly, "I have no home."

"Now I am doubly sorry for you," she said, with downcast eyes, "for I too have no home."

She felt his burning gaze upon her, and would have escaped if she could. The silence grew embarrassing. She began to be sorry for herself. Her impulsiveness had led her into a very uncomfortable position, and she did not know how to get out.

Trevanion was still looking at her. She knew that without looking up. She wished he would speak, but he did not. There had come to him one of those rare moments of self-revealing; his better nature made one more struggle for the mastery; a desire for nobler being leapt into momentary life, a passion of remorse swept over his heart, a picture of what might have been flashed for a moment upon his mental vision; then the voice of the landlord broke the spell:—

"Come, Doctor, you seem very slow this afternoon."

Trevanion started, and the blood rushed in a torrent to his face. Then, like a tidal wave, the old recklessness and despair came sweeping back.

"It's very kind of you, lady," he said, with a bitter laugh, "but it's too late;" and without waiting for a reply, he plunged into the house.

"Now, landlord," he exclaimed, "nothing as mild as ale to-day; mix me a stiff glass of whisky, and be quick about it;" and he flung himself into a chair by the window, and threw his cap upon the floor.

From where he sat, a long stretch of the village lane could be seen, and, raising his eyes, he saw the dainty, girlish figure of the maiden who had spoken to him slowly retreating in the distance.

Who was she? For a moment curiosity dominated every other feeling. This was the second time she had crossed his path. Ten days before, she had seen him with pipe and mug lounging outside, and her very presence had covered him with shame. Now she had actually spoken to him, and entreated him to play the man.

He had heard nothing of the women's gossip, or if he had heard, he had not heeded. And so he knew nothing of the new arrival at Ivy-holme, whose presence had caused such a flutter of excitement through the length and breadth of St. Ural.

He was still looking after the retreating figure, when the landlord brought his whisky.

"Now, Doctor," he exclaimed, placing the glass on a small round table before him, "if this don't warm yer heart, and drive away melancholy, my name ain't Peter Buzza."

"All right, landlord; I'll try its virtues directly," he answered, without turning his eyes. "Bring me a box of matches as well."

The dainty figure, by this time, had vanished from sight, but he still kept looking in the same direction. The tidal wave had begun to retreat again, and a burning sense of shame was once more stealing over him. He felt angry with himself. Until a little more than a week ago, shame was a feeling to which he had become almost an entire stranger. Why should this unknown maiden, with her soft brown eyes, stir the stagnant waters of his life, until all the scum came into sight?

"I hate those canting, philanthropic women," he said at length, withdrawing his eyes from the window, and bringing his fist down on the table with a bang. "What right have they to be eternally poking their noses into other people's affairs? If I choose to go to the devil, what concern is that of anybody's? Anyhow, here's to a good night's ravel and forgetfulness;" and he took the glass, and raised it to his lips. The next moment it slipped from his fingers, and fell to the floor with a crash, breaking into a myriad splinters. He made no exclamation, manifested no surprise. Slowly he stooped, and picked up his cap, and then walked quietly out of the house.

The landlord came to the door and called after him, but he made no reply. With eyes fixed straight before him, though without seeing anything, he stalked on and on; past Sammy Poad's cottage, where he lodged, and out on the lonely and breezy "downs" that lay between St. Ural and the village of Poldu. Leaving the road, he struck out across the downs, trampling down the furze and heather in his restless march. At length he reached a deep grassy hollow, into which he quickly descended, and throwing himself full length upon the spongy turf, he closed his eyes, and gave himself up to reflection.

Above him the fleecy clouds floated slowly past in the deep blue sky, and the wind sang softly in the furze that fringed the hollow. But he heard nothing, saw nothing. He was filled with a vague, passionate unrest. His heart was in a tumult. A conflict of emotions seemed to tear him like beasts of prey. He cursed himself for leaving the "Miners' Arms," and with the same breath vowed he would never darken its door again. Old memories came sweeping back like gulls before a gale; old resolutions lived again, and in a moment drooped and died, then suddenly sprang into life once more.

It was the renewal of an old battle—a battle in which hitherto he had always been defeated, and each defeat had taken the hope out of his heart, and sensibly diminished his courage. He had little hope now of victory, and what was worse still, no passionate desire to conquer.

It was dark when he got back to his cheerless lodgings. Sammy was in the village marketing, and his wife, bent double with rheumatism, sat grumbling before the fire.

"So thou'rt not drunk, eh?" she questioned in surprise.

"I think not," he answered bitterly. "Is supper ready?"

"I made a pasty for thee," she answered, "but Sammy's eaten it up."

"Why has he done that?" he asked.

"Why? Because he was hungered, and his own pasty was not enough to satisfy him. His appetite's enough to make a famine in the land."

"But he shouldn't have eaten my pasty, nevertheless."

"He thought thou wert at Buzza's, and wouldn't want any supper. Job Minver told him thou wert in for a fuddle."

"Well, it hasn't come off, at any rate, and now I'm ravenous."

"I don't wonder. But there's nothing but pilchards for thee. If thou'lt fetch 'em from the pantry, I'll put the gridder on."

"Well, be quick about it. I want to be in bed before Sammy comes home."

"And for why?"

"First, to avoid a quarrel; and, second, to get to sleep."

"Sammy will none quarrel with thee," she answered. "He thinks thou art not worth wasting breath on."

"In which opinion he is no doubt quite right. And now to business."

Trevanion ate his supper of pilchards and bread in silence. He rarely grumbled about his meals, and for very sufficient reasons. The amount he paid the Poads for board and lodging allowed no margin for luxuries; moreover, he was always more or less in debt, and on that account was anxious to keep on friendly terms with them; and besides all that, he knew well enough that if the Poads turned him adrift, he would find it next to impossible to get lodgings anywhere else. St. Ural folks, in the main, were strictly sober, and no vice was regarded with more loathing than drunkenness. Hence even to "harbour a drunkard" was considered in some measure to be a partaker of his disgrace.

On the following morning Trevanion did not come downstairs until nearly noon. Sammy had gone to chapel. To that extent he allowed his piety to be seen. His wife had to say her prayers at home, for rheumatism prevented her walking so far.

"It's nothing to thy credit lying in bed till this time of day," she grumbled, as he seated himself on a wooden bench at the head of the table.

"Why, what would you have me do?" he asked.

"Why, go to chapel like a Christian," she snarled.

"But I'm not a Christian," he said, with a smile.

"Well, there's the church; they'll welcome anybody there."

"Perhaps so; but I prefer the open air when I'm not working or sleeping."

She laughed scornfully. "The 'Miners' Arms,' thou means," she said.

"Well, yes; put it that way if you like," he answered. "It'll be all the same a hundred years from now."

"Who said it'll be all the same?" she asked quickly.

"Well, I say so."

"But the Bible don't say so," she answered scornfully. "I'd advise thee to be a bit more careful. There's a lake ov burning fire, into which all drunkards will be driven. I wonder if thou ever thinks ov that."

"I've given up thinking, unless I'm driven to it," he said uneasily; "thinking doesn't pay."

"But such a place is worth thinking about, you may depend on that."

"Do you think about it?" he asked, with a smile.

"Sometimes; but I don't trouble 'bout it."

"Why?"

"Why! because I'm a believer, and have been for thirty years. Believers go straight to heaven when they die."

"Whether they live square or no?" he queried.

"Don't be impertinent, but get on with thy breakfast," she answered, and then shut her teeth like a gin.

Trevanion had not very much respect for the religion of either Susan Poad or her spouse, and yet the words of the woman rang in his ears during the rest of the day in a way that was almost tantalizing. He had not been inside a church or chapel for years now, and had no intention of ever going again. But, somehow,

(To be continued.)

POEMS AND LYRICS.¹

MR. DAWSON fronts the public in many capacities—as Preacher, Critic, Novelist, and now as Poet. I believe this is not actually his first appearance in the last capacity, for I have seen a reference to an earlier volume; but this has never come under my notice, and may have been, for aught I know, an early and immature work. In the volume now before us we have probably his mature poetic work.

The first thing I desire to say about it is, that it is interesting, which is more than can be said of a great deal of the so-called poetry which now sees the light. When the book reached me, I did not lay it down till I had read it from cover to cover.

The second thing is, that there is a very considerable variety in style and theme—a very desirable feature. I know not how it may be with others, but even fine poetry, such as "The Earthly Paradise," palls a little on me, because of the uniformity of its style.

The third thing is, that it is the product of a man with an eye quick to discern the loveliness of nature, and an ear equally quick to catch the "still, sad music of humanity,"—qualifications fitting him for a place in the charmed circle of the Poets. I think he was born with these qualities, so that had he been denied the unspeakable privilege of converse with the elder poets, he would have uttered himself in verse; but, as every one ac-

¹ *Poems and Lyrics*. By W. J. Dawson. (London, Macmillan & Co.) 4s. 6d.

long-forgotten texts came back to his memory, wakened into life and meaning by the chance remark of this loud-tongued woman.

He was not at all sorry when Monday morning came. In the somewhat dangerous task that he and his comrade would begin that day, he would be able to put aside the painful thoughts that had haunted him for the last twenty-four hours.

Job met him at the changing-house, pleased to see that his head was clear and his hand steady. And together they made their way under ground, little dreaming of what would happen that day; for in truth, a little before noon, one of the most curious things did happen ever known in the history of St. Ural.

quainted with him or his books knows, he has been a diligent student of our great masters of song, and these have had a powerful influence on his own verse. In his poem "The Making of the Soul," he acknowledges the influence of Byron, Keats, Shelley, and (I take it) Mrs. Browning. The last of these seems to me to have touched him most deeply.

The stern limit of the Editor forbids, or there is much that I should like to say about this volume, in which I have found great delight. A word or two must suffice about individual poems. "Pilate at Vienne" is a striking psychologic study of the man who permitted "I dare not to wait upon I would." "Fair Rosamond" is a true ballad—a lovely setting of the old story. "Lines written in Delirium" is one of the most original things in the book—a weird poem, touched with a grim humour. "Last Words" is perhaps the most pathetic—quite in the vein of Elizabeth Barrett Browning. In "Fancies for Celia" the author's love for children and understanding of them shine out distinctly.

I should much like to quote, but from fear of the Editor I dare not. Readers will probably crave specimens. That they are not given must not be laid to my charge, but his. I shall put the book among those worth keeping, and, as I do not permit my shelves to be cumbered with what I do not value, need I say more? I will only hazard the assertion that those who really love poetry will not regret buying this volume.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

"THE American Girl" is the title of a very vivacious article by Mrs. H. R. Haweis in *The Young Woman* for February. The leading features of this number include a fully illustrated character sketch of the Duchess of Teck by Miss Friederichs: an article on "How can I Earn my

Living?" by Miss Billington; an illustrated interview with John Strange Winter, the author of "Boote's Baby;" a complete story by Katharine Tynan; a Biblical article by Prebendary Gordon Calthrop, with portrait; and the serial tale by Mrs. Oilphant. (Partridge & Co., 3d.)

A RUSH THROUGH THE STATES.—I.

It was indeed a rush, but was full of interest all the same. Even in these days of record-breaking and round-the-world tours, a trip of 9,000 miles in 26 days is not to be despised. Yet such are the comforts and such the ease of modern travel, that I doubt whether a month's holiday could have been much more pleasantly and profitably spent than in my run from London to Chicago and back last autumn, *via* New York and Philadelphia, and the Allegheny Mountains, with a divergence to Niagara. Leaving Waterloo station, London, at 9.40 a.m., we three hundred saloon passengers were run right alongside the SS. *New York* at Southampton Docks, and in little more than half an hour all our luggage was on board, and we started away with less of fuss and confusion than I have many a time experienced at the starting of an ordinary Channel steamer. For the fairly good sailor a six days' voyage across the Atlantic in a good ship means tranquillity, rest, and comfort, with bountiful and even luxurious living, and decidedly handsome surroundings. The sister ships, *New York* and *Paris*, of the American line, are floating palaces of some 10,000 tons, and each capable of carrying 500 saloon, and as many second-class and steerage passengers, making up, with the officers, engineers, crew, and attendants, a community of some 2,000 people. Wishing to be as much among Americans as possible, I went by the American line, sailing under the United States flag—a privilege only obtained by the International Navigation Company, through special Act of Congress. By the law of the United States none but American-built ships can sail under the American flag; and it is in order to qualify in this way that the Company are building at Philadelphia new ships which, if equal to the section of a full-size model I saw at the World's Fair, will be very likely to "lick creation."

From the moment of leaving port I had begun my American experiences. At church service on Sunday in the main saloon of the ship, where the tones of the great organ high up in the loft gave additional solemnity to the assembly, the name of the President of the United States was read in the prayers before that of Queen Victoria. I noticed, on the return voyage, that the reverse order was observed on the *Paris*, when the service was taken by a Presbyterian minister from Belfast. As we left church on the *New York*, a decided swell of the Atlantic gave to the congregation an air of unsteadiness and eccentricity seldom seen in sober church-going communities. Another national trait was the appearance among substantial and refined English items on the elegant menu at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, of

American foods, such as hominy, green corn, buckwheat cakes, clams, clam-chowder, roast squab, and reed birds. Efficient cooks, attentive stewards, and agreeable and entertaining company, far more than counteracted the lifting rolls—of the ship, I mean—and even of the fog off Newfoundland, which was not nearly so bad as the fog horn made it out to be, and did not at all check the regular rate of the ship's run. It was very pleasant to hear all the nice things the Americans who had been on tour said of the old country, and to find how well disposed they were to the English fellow-traveller. And here let me say that, as far as my limited but not unvaried experience goes, our cousins of the cultivated class who travel are just as free as the same class of English people from habits usually restricted to the smoking-room and from other eccentricities with which vivid writers used to credit, or rather discredit them. Patriotic gallantry forbids me to say all I would on the freshness and charm of the American lady and the American girl, but I am not at all surprised that Englishmen are so prone to propose to them and to be accepted. Just one example. At our table there were two very pretty girls of seventeen and eighteen, with their mother. The breeze out of doors had not yet quite settled, when on the Monday they appeared at lunch. The elder one felt squeamish, and was evidently becoming more and more so. An English miss under similarly trying circumstances would probably have appealed to her mother, and then demurely excused herself for leaving the table. "Guess I'll fly," said the American belle. And away she tripped.

What a luxury it is now a days when you enter your bedroom—for such it is—on board ship, and by a mere turn of the button fill the place with the warm-looking effulgence of the electric light. What a treat, too, the clear bright water straight from the Atlantic for the morning bath, in the ample bath-room, with towels galore—if you can only get the water cold enough. I couldn't quite make out whether our old friend the Gulf Stream or the warmth of the internal surroundings was the cause, but all the care of the bath-steward could not quite get the temperature down to, say, the Serpentine at Christmas. Deck-billiards, quoits, and deck games generally help to kill time, and possibly to give your pores a chance; but deck chairs, books, and talk with new friends in the balmy air of an autumn afternoon, or a moonlit evening on deck, were evidently more to the general taste. I have given just a touch of the sprightliness of the American girl. Let me say a word of the young man of America, as he seems likely to work out. I mean

the young man of the period, the son of wealthy parents, who, having in their own youth known what it was to struggle and battle with the world and with cruel adversity, seem disposed to follow the example of the old country in saving their children from all these rough experiences. The young man I mean has been well educated at one of the American colleges on possibly more sound and certainly less conventional principles than are the rule on this side. He may also attend more closely to study, but is certainly not indifferent to practical jokes. At one of the colleges a young student of determined character and dauntless bearing was continually the subject of tricks by his associates. One night, after he retired to rest, a ghost entered his room and addressed him in sepulchral tones. "Look here," said he, "if you don't clear out of this, I shall fire on you," bringing out a revolver from under his pillow. The ghost remained. Six shots were fired point-blank. The ghost slowly retired, unscathed. Those who played the prank had drawn the bullets from the cartridges beforehand, rendering the revolver harmless. Next morning the occupant of the bed was found dead. "What," said the American young man who told this to me, "must for ever be the feeling of the one who personated the ghost?" My acquaintance was a youth of kindly feeling and cultured taste, and I should think one of the best representatives of a class of leisured and independent young gentlemen, who must in a generation or two become a more prominent feature in American life than they are now.

No assurances of fellow-travellers could remove misgivings as to the landing and customs examination at New York, and the extortion practised by the cabman in taking one's self and luggage to the railway station or hotel. The landing was all right, and just as easy and well regulated as the embarking. The customs arrangements in the huge shed where your baggage is placed in the compartment under the initial letter of your name, seemed to promise speedy release. Alas! my principal and only trunk was nowhere to be found. I returned to the ship and told the obliging purser that my trunk was missing. The bedroom steward was summoned "instantly" to trace it up, and there under a demure young lady who was quietly seated on it, and whose ample skirts rendered recognition of the box impossible, was my missing baggage, just where it should be, and where she, I suppose, the innocent cause of all, should not have been. Custom officers had been on board and required us to sign affirmations that we had or had not something to declare. They were expected to explore your luggage, nevertheless; and I don't know whether a relative who met me, and was an experienced

traveller, had or had not interceded; but they were satisfied with my declaration, and were a shade more civil than our English officers. It would have been a real pleasure to test the much vaunted system of checking the luggage and sending it on by express carrier to the Pennsylvanian Railway Station, to be there ready when wanted to go on to Philadelphia. But this gratification was denied me by the order of a carriage by my friend, with a reckless contempt for dollars which made me shudder. The drive, of not more than ten minutes, cost him, I know, rather over eight shillings, or three times the fare that a London cabman, whose strong point we all know is finance, would have positively thanked you for.

A walk through New York would stamp a man as a foreigner. The people ride, as a matter of course, either in the electric or cable cars along the streets, or on the elevated railways built on one side of some of the broadest and least residential thoroughfares. The rates on both systems are five cents, or twopence-halfpenny for any distance, and both seem to do very brisk business. Cabs or carriages are comparatively little used, and are therefore obliged, I suppose, to make high charges. Aided by a man who knows, the stranger soon becomes accustomed to the facilities of cars, trains, and ferries, and would probably on a second visit even trust his luggage to the check system without much misgiving. Broadway strikes you more with the height of the buildings, and the business-like character of the principal part of the thoroughfare, than with the grandeur which belongs, say, to the Unter den Linden, the Nevski Prospekt, the Champs Elysée, or even Regent Street. Close by are two noted houses of New York—Delmonico's Restaurant and the Hoffman Hotel. The man who has eaten oyster-crab at the one, and canvas-back duck at the other, need only add terrapin to have done his epicurean duty to three of the noted specialties of the vast range of the North American *menu*. The Hoffman House bar is noted for a unique picture painted by an artist of note, and is frequented largely by sporting men of means; but neither there nor at Delmonico's does "life" appear to be at all faster than at similar places in England. A glimpse into a laundry worked by Chinamen in the basement of a back street, and a walk on the famous Brooklyn Bridge, where you may meet people of many nationalities, gave evidence of the cosmopolitan character of the American people of to-day. A cellar where you could get your boots cleaned for five cents, or twopence-halfpenny, was considered a cheap establishment, the usual charge at the hotels and in the streets being ten cents, or fivepence. The office of *The World*, with a dome like St. Paul's, is one of the noted buildings of

New York. One night with a friend I "did" the Bowery—the Whitechapel of New York—and saw the free music hall as the bane, and the Mission Hall as the antidote—the latter rather better, and the other no worse than similar places in London.

A two hours' run on the Pennsylvanian Railway to Philadelphia, or rather to the fashionable suburb called Germantown, gave me my first acquaintance with American trains and the luggage system. The baggage was duly checked at Philadelphia when the tickets were taken early in the morning, and was at Germantown station waiting for us, when my cousin and myself arrived. Of the trains more anon; but I may say here that even the ordinary passenger cars are far superior to those in England. A free gangway runs down the middle of the car, with seats for two on each side, giving each passenger a corner place. It is quite easy, though not customary, to pass from one carriage to another, if you wish to smoke or to leave a smoker, or to find a more comfortable position. Lavatory accommodation, and iced water for drinking, are provided on each car. As for the passengers, so far from their being loquacious and inquisitive, as I had been led to expect, they were on this and all other trains I travelled in just as demure and reserved as English, though not at all unsociable or uncompanionable.

I was fortunate in obtaining some idea of home life in America, and may say at once that in both the visits I was privileged to make the domestic arrangements were so very English that it was difficult to realize that one was some four thousand miles away from home. The country house where I had the pleasure to be located was one of scores of similar houses dotting the landscape for miles around, each standing in its own grounds, and each of a distinctive style of architecture carved out mostly in a blueish grey stone, and affecting generally somewhat of Scottish baronial style. Internally the prevalence of light wood-work gave an appearance of airiness rather more suggestive of the Swiss dwellings than of the old-fashioned and possibly more cosy houses in England. It has often been said that American children are spoilt by over-indulgence. I may be permitted to say that in the two families I visited the American mothers were just what the best English mothers would be, loving and kind, but decidedly firm, and by no means weakly indulgent, and were just as much loved and respected by their children. Two of the servants or "helps" were Irish and elderly, each receiving over £20 a year; the governess was German, and the nurse English. I must just add that in accomplishments, as in vivacity, the American lady is rather ahead of her trans-Atlantic cousin.

A drive along suburban roads, studded for miles with substantial-looking country houses, all new, and then through Fairmount Park, was an excursion ever to be pleasantly remembered. The park is ten miles in length and of proportionate width, and does infinite credit to Philadelphian taste, for it has been preserved in the purely natural state as a substantial relic of the forest primeval and of the time not so very far back in the centuries when "wild in the woods the noble savage ran." I took special note at the time of the Indian names still retained of a river and of a brake in the forest, and I hope I spell them correctly as Wissachichon and Tulphocken.

In the afternoon I went to a great meeting held in Philadelphia, where my cousin and host, Mr. A. Kitson, delivered a lecture to a good class of working men on "The Monetary System." The room was covered with good fresh carpet, and was altogether more comfortable than rooms for similar assemblies in London. There were, however, spittoons, and these were freely used by those of the audience who chewed tobacco or gum. There were several young women among the assembly, as well as young men; and to judge from the attention paid to the lecture, and from the discussion which followed, the average of intelligence and knowledge was evidently high. There was also an air of greater independence and freedom, and much less of interruption, irrelevancy, or evident inattention than there would be in an English audience of corresponding status. Every man in the United States, as I think Mr. Bryce observes in his "American Commonwealth," knows and feels that he is part of the Government. Philadelphia struck me as being more smoothly paved than New York; better kept and less busy. The new Town Hall is a magnificent building of great extent, marking by its very vastness the giant strides which have been made since the old-world days indicated by the plain and homely-looking "House of Independence," which is and for ever should be kept sacred as the place where the first great charter of the United States of America was signed, sealed, and preserved. In the residential quarter of the city of brotherly love, the houses are of a particularly substantial and well-to-do character. The dwellings of workpeople in an adjacent quarter are also good, the older of wood, the newer of stone, the latter apparently consisting of two flats, one on the ground floor, the other above. The one that interested me most was inhabited by a middle-aged negro, his wife and piccaninny. The parents were standing at the door as we passed, looking smilingly on their child playing in front with a toy wheelbarrow. What a contrast from the dark days described in "Uncle Tom's Cabin"!

J. PULLAN.

ECHOES FROM THE STUDY.

By W. J. DAWSON,

Author of "The Makers of Modern English," "The Threshold of Manhood," etc.

AMONG the letters which reach me, there have been a considerable number during the last few months which have requested counsel on matters connected with literature. Literary ambitions are not uncommon in youth. Most youths with a taste for literature are pretty sure to try their hands on original production, and to become enamoured of their own muse. Then there comes an ecstatic moment when we really believe ourselves possessed of literary genius, and foresee the hour when our works will pass through many editions, and our names will become household words. We regret that our names (Smith, Jones, and Tompkins) are not more euphonious and we secretly meditate changing them, or we spell them as Smythe and Tompkins. We regret still more deeply that our friends do not appear to share our belief in ourselves. But we console ourselves that a day will come. At length circumstances arise which shake our confidence cruelly. We find that editors are consistently blind to our merits. Our soiled little bundle of MSS. comes back to us with painful regularity. Let no one suppose I am laughing at the misfortune; on the contrary, I have suffered it, and still feel the pang. For one whole year, a tale I wrote some fifteen years ago came back to me with insulting persistence. I used to ask my landlady every morning whether there were any letters, and about once a fortnight she would reply: "No, sir; there are no letters, but there's a *Thing*." I knew what she meant. Then I groaned, and wondered whether editors were human. The *Thing* finally got lost in the post, and though fifteen years have elapsed, yet I still cherish a fatuous opinion of its merits; and cannot quite think it so bad a production as it must have appeared to the various editors who handled it—I dare not say read it. I remember, however, that it began with a Latin quotation; and as editors do not know Latin, perhaps that killed it. This is the only requiem I can utter over it.

* * *

Now there are many youths pursuing the same course to-day, and it is my misfortune to be appealed to pretty frequently for a verdict on their *Things*. The difficulty in which I find myself is this: if I commend them, I receive more *Things*, which I have no time to read; if I declare their faults, I receive letters expressing the view that my judgment is infirm, and that my power of literary perception has been much

over-rated. Sometimes my correspondents go further, and declare that literature is a ring, and that there is no room for outsiders, and no fair play for them. I want, therefore, to say one or two plain words to literary aspirants. The first is, that literature is an art, and needs learning. The schoolboy does not send his freehand drawings to the illustrated papers and expect to be paid for them; he must go on drawing for a dozen years before he can hope for a sufficient mastery of the art to make his work distinctive. The writer must do the same. Most great writers have burned far more MSS. than they have published. The art of literature is to express by the fittest words the clearest thought, and to communicate an impression of the individual mind to other minds in the exactest and sharpest way. When a man does this, he becomes a literary artist, and not before. How can such an end be attained, then? Only by the most vigorous practice and self-discipline. When a youth has written six hours a day for six years, and has rewritten his essays or stories or poems six times, it is possible that his apprenticeship to the art of letters may conclude, and that some fine wheat may be winnowed from the chaff. But unless a youth will seriously toil at his writing, studying every author who can help him in the art of expression, it is foolish to expect success. At the art schools, the hours are from ten to four every day; and out of the thousands of students who submit to this discipline, how many artists emerge? To express thought, feeling, sensation, and beauty by words, is an art not less difficult than to express them by colour; and in each art inspiration will not atone for lack of technique.

* * *

The second thing is that literature is at once the most fairly conducted and arduous of professions. No doubt there are "rings," and there is log-rolling; but no ring can crush a really good book, and no amount of log-rolling can ever give permanent reputation to a bad one. It is the fixed opinion of one of my friends, who is among the most popular authors of the day, that the best or worst reviews really do nothing for or against a book. The people find out what is good, and buy it; and the people often discover merit where the reviewers are purblind. Substantially this view is, I think, correct; at all events, I may safely challenge any one to discover for me a book which is a true work of genius, but which is unknown and neglected. In

no profession is merit so certain of recognition and reward as in literature. But it is equally certain that the recognition may be delayed for half a lifetime, during the whole of which period an author may have to toil for a scanty wage, and endure "the contumely that patient merit from the unworthy takes." Therefore I say that literature is the most arduous of professions, and I may add, the most precarious. For this reason, when I am asked to guide a youth out of a safe hundred a year at a desk into the great uncertain arena of letters—as I am asked this month—I stubbornly refuse to do anything of the kind. Fewer men live by literature than by any other profession. An author may write half a dozen books which obtain sales running into thousands, and yet not make anything like a hundred a year. The men and women who live strictly by the sale of their books are incredibly few. Let no youth be tempted, then, into the madness of leaving a secure income, however small, for the precarious rewards of the pen. The only wise plan is to go on writing with unshaken purpose, to be content with a little headway made year by year, and to rest assured that, if any really fine work is the outcome, it will not fail of ultimate recognition. There is no conspiracy against merit, as some of my correspondents seem to suppose. On the contrary, the world is always on the look-out for new genius, and is emulous to welcome it; and there is always room at the top of the tree.

* * *

I cannot very well pass over so able a letter as *K. G. B.*'s in silence, but to controvert it is simply to repeat what I have said before on the subject of life-assurance. *K. G. B.* is of opinion that faith in God is a sufficient provision for the future; his wife, like a sensible woman, believes that God helps those who help themselves. He quotes David, that he has never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread. I can only remark that my observation does not coincide with David's, if by "righteous" is meant a man like *K. G. B.*, who refuses to make any provision whatever for the future. On the contrary, the children of such men are flung friendless on society; they are crushed by poverty and have no helper; and unless some benefactor interferes, they are likely to become little waifs or little thieves. A visit to an Orphanage would soon convince *K. G. B.* of the sort of fate which is likely to overwhelm the children of improvident sentimentalists like himself. I do not advocate laying up large sums of money for children; but I say that the most primary of civic duties is for a man not to marry till he has reasonably good prospects of being able to maintain a wife and family, and that having married, it is his plain duty to do all that he can to ensure his

children against absolute want in the case of his early death. No woman ought to marry a man who is not willing to submit to such conditions; for what is it but the grossest selfishness to marry, produce children, and spend one's money while it lasts, satisfied in the notion that God, or society, or relatives, will, in some way, take care of the wife and children if the husband dies? No doubt *K. G. B.* means well, but not the less he is committing a wrong on his children, and a treachery against society. It is the children of such men who fill the workhouse and the orphanage, and only too often recruit the vast army of the vicious and helpless, and fill the gaol too.

* * *

I cannot undertake to draw up a reading-plan, such as *Blair* desires, because no such plan could be of general application; but a hint on the relation of magazines to books may be useful. Certainly he is wrong in giving up three or four hours of each evening to magazines and papers, to the neglect of serious reading. I do not mean to say that there is not plenty of serious reading to be found in magazines, and it is clear that no one who desires to understand current thought can afford to neglect periodic literature. Moreover, much of the best writing appears now-a-day in magazines, and is afterward gathered into book-form. But for the serious reader magazines should be the supplement and not the substance of reading. The habit most needed for the intellectual life is attention—strenuous, prolonged, and patient attention. No really great book can be read without it, because no book is great that does not demand thought. What happens where journalism is the staple reading is that the power of sustained attention is destroyed. The mind is perpetually connecting and disconnecting itself on a series of widely differing themes, and the steady flow of thought becomes impossible. There is, in fact, a very well-defined species of brain-irritation which is set up solely by this cause. In the end the mind refuses the steady strain of serious reading altogether. If I were in *Blair's* position, I think I should be content with one hour a day for the reading of periodicals, and should give the remainder of my leisure to books. I speak of that which I know. I find to-day, as I have always found, that unless I keep up mental training by serious reading, the immediate result is that the brain becomes too irritable for the strain which the best books inevitably impose.

* * *

The golden rule of the intellectual life is the rule imposed by John Wesley on his helpers: "Never be unemployed." It is amazing how much can be accomplished by a thrifty use of time. The margins and odd moments of our

time may seem relatively worthless, but they are like the gold-dust of the mint, which is carefully collected, and in a year reaches a goodly sum. Livingstone made himself a scholar by keeping a book before him on the loom as he worked, thus giving the shuttles of the brain something to do while his hands guided the shuttles of the loom. Robert Hall learned Italian when he was an old man that he might read Dante, and made the intervals of excruciating pain his opportunity. We have a yet more remarkable instance in Mr. Gladstone, who at eighty-four, with all the burdens of State upon him, is engaged in translating Horace as a recreation. But one of the most memorable lessons of Mr. Gladstone's career is the ardour of his diligence. He has never permitted himself an idle moment. The interstices of his time have all been sown with the seed of thought and effort, and have all borne fruit. I am often asked whether brain-work is not injurious, and youths complain that they cannot bear the strain of prolonged intellectual exertion. Of course Wesleys and Gladstones are rare, yet the lesson of their activity is of general application. The brain is meant to work. We do not excuse the hand or the heart from work for several hours a day, and the brain ought not to be excused. But the secret of a healthy and active brain is to avoid monotony of mental occupation, and so use all the faculties in turn. In brain-work change of theme is equivalent to rest. From the battle of parliamentary tactics to Horace is an intellectual holiday. If a youth will only form the habit of sedulous thrift in time, while he is yet a youth, there is scarcely any prize of the intellectual life which he may not gain in the long run.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.—*W. B.* needs fresh air, exercise, and an object in life. These will cure him of what is nothing more than "the blues."—*P. J. R.* I take it that thought colours and determines action, and that action has a similar effect on thought. Both statements are true. There is constant action and reaction.—*R. S.* The essential principle of gambling is that you obtain money which you have not earned, and that it is somebody else's money. That is why it is evil in itself, apart from the disastrous ruin of its effects on society. You give no equivalent of thought or labour to society for the money thus obtained.—The duty of *Olivea* is clear. He cannot as an honest man cheat his employer, or be silent as to a system of cheating practised by his fellow-assistants. He must inform his employer, and take the consequences.—*J. B. B.* Certainly a married man can take the B.A. degree.—I should think that the book *B.* mentions would be useful and popular, and there ought to be no serious

difficulty in securing a publisher. Choose a publisher of scholastic books; or else try such a firm as Murray or Macmillan.—*H. E. G.*'s letter is most interesting, and I wish I could help him efficiently. The case is representative: a village of a thousand persons, with a useless library, no gymnasium, and twelve public-houses. How to obtain books? I would suggest that *H. E. G.* himself should try to form a book-club. A dozen or twenty persons uniting their subscriptions could get a large box of books from Mudie's at stated periods—weekly, etc. The *Cloister and the Hearth* is soon to be published at sixpence, and it will be the biggest sixpennyworth on the market. All Kingsley's and most of Charles Reade's novels can now be purchased in paper covers at sixpence.—*P. F. H.* (Clapton) will do well to make all the use he can of public libraries. They are the great secular cathedrals of London, and there should be many more of them. The signature of any two reputable householders is all that is needed to obtain a pass for the British Museum Reading-room. I would certainly not buy fiction till I had stored my shelves with standard works.—*A. K.* Why should ministers be disfranchised? In my opinion a minister ought to take a very active part in politics, if he has any faith in the kingdom of God coming upon earth.—*R. R. P.* So far as I know, *Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary* is excellent. The best way is to consult a first-rate bookseller.—*X.* Think, pray, study! there is no other method of preparation worth much either for the village or city preacher. Remember the significant saying—*Prepare yourself*; that is more than preparing your sermon.—The question for *J. T.* is this: Has he thoroughly beaten his enemy, and is he a healthy man? If so, there is no reason why he should not marry.

* * *

Enquirer will find that it is not possible to enter the ministry of the Church of England, without college training. There are, however, colleges provided for those who do not pass through one of the Universities. The best way would be to consult a local clergyman, who could furnish all particulars.—I think *M. R. T.* pushes a point of conscience too far. By all means take up French, and forget the things that are behind.—*Nil Desperandum* should be particularly thankful that he weighs only eight stone. Some of us would be thankful if the like could be said of us, especially when we stride the wheel or measure ourselves against Pilatus.—For *G. H.* there is only one counsel—*Pluck*. Stand to your guns and do right. It is a hard trial, doubtless; but the brave man is always master of the situation, and fortitude under injustice is the best way of disarming and overcoming it.

SCIENCE UP TO DATE.

By FRANK BALLARD, M.A., B.Sc., F.G.S., F.R.M.S.

THIRTY-FOUR millions per annum seem an almost fabulous amount of loss to ascribe to the development of microscopic fungi. Yet this is the estimate of the United States Department of Agriculture concerning the ravages of "smut" and "rust." Of course the destruction caused by insect "pests" is in addition to this. So that altogether there is some serious work for somebody to do to rescue the crops even of such a prolific country as America. In 1891 the average yield of wheat was only 15·3 bushels per acre, whereas it might be at least 20 bushels but for these losses. It is also reported that in Australia matters are anything but promising. The loss from rust alone is estimated at two millions per annum. A "rust conference" recently sat at Sydney for five days. Yet these costly and threatening enemies are simply tiny fungi, requiring a powerful microscope to make them out. The rust of wheat is known botanically as *Puccinia Graminis*, and belongs to the order of "fungi" known as Uredineæ, whilst "smut" is the *Tilletia Caries* classified under the Ustilagineæ. The term "rust" is due to the red or golden yellow "summer spores," which germinate at once when conveyed from plant to plant, and so produce countless hosts of fungi with delicate connecting threads or mycelia. The greatest difficulty as regards "smut" is that the wheat grains which get filled with spores remain closed, and so may be unwittingly harvested with the sound spores. Then, if this wheat be sown, the spores germinate again and repeat themselves in other individual plants.

* * *

How little we know essentially of what life really is, may be gathered from the way in which some land Mollusca can endure and refuse to die when cut off from all supplies of food and practically treated as dead for long periods of time. Thus the case is well authenticated of one in the British Museum, by name *Helix desertorum*, which was kept for four years in a case, and at the end of that time was apparently as far from death as ever. Dr. Stearns tells us of some specimens also of *Bulæus pallidior*, which were boxed up for more than two years and two months, and at the end of that time were quite lively and vigorous. Still more remarkable was another variety of *Helix*, which was imprisoned for six years in a naturalist's cabinet, and at the end of that time appeared none the worse for it. This was from Lower California, a very dry country, where it is the custom of these creatures to protect them-

selves during drought by closing the shell mouth either by a door or by blocking it with a slime that hardens. This is genuine æstivation, as against the hibernation with which we are more familiar.

* * *

It is easy to ridicule things ignorantly. So some have done in regard to what is known as the Trinidad "Parasol Ants Ordinance." But it is a very serious matter. The parasol ant, *Ecodoma cephalotes*, is exceedingly interesting to describe or to read about in books on entomology, but it is a decidedly different creature in real life. As a rule it lives in the fields, making a nest by large excavations underground, and dome-like edifices above the surface. Mercifully for us, this ant, variously known as the Saüba ant, or Coushie ant, is confined to tropical America. But its ravages and its prolific power of reproduction are such, that in spite of everything he can do, man is often conquered and has to give up large districts to these tiny marauders. One of these creatures can be seen in the British Museum with a piece of leaf still in its jaws. This is the reason of their ravages. Their larvæ have a taste for fungi—mushrooms to them—and these fungi grow on bits of leaf; the bits of leaf are cut, without asking permission, from neighbouring trees. The flavour of the orange and coffee trees, in particular, is much appreciated. But a tree can no more live without leaves than we without lungs. Hence the destruction wrought.

* * *

How complex these ant colonies are, may be inferred from the classification shown by careful observation. There are no less than five kinds of individuals; viz.—(1) Males; (2) Queens; (3) Small ordinary workers; (4) Large workers with huge hairy heads; (5) Large workers with large polished heads. It is not quite clear what these latter are for. They do not fight or work, but simply walk about. But we must not be too astonished, for there are plenty such, we know, in the human species. The difficulty of getting rid of these ants is largely due to their nests. These are excavated underground to an "almost incredible extent—so vast indeed, and so complicated, that they have never been fully investigated." When sulphur smoke was blown into one, an outlet was discovered some seventy yards off! Vast numbers are devoured by birds, etc.; but in spite of this destruction they multiply so rapidly that the strongest measures are absolutely necessary to keep them within bounds.

So much is said in these days about bacteria in connection with disease, that most people get the idea that they are all deadly foes. This, however, is far from being true. Not only are many species of bacteria quite harmless, but the service they render us is absolutely necessary to the balance of nature. But besides that, sometimes they are distinctly valuable. A recent instance is the discovery that two kinds have the power of imparting so fine a flavour to butter, that in the Danish dairies they are regularly employed for that purpose, being purchased from bacteria cultivators. In the same way the makers of Dutch cheese procure the bacteria which especially flavour it. The Danish biologists make no secret of their discoveries or the commercial value of them. Evidently there might be worse occupation than bacilli-hunting with a view to profit.

* * *

One of the dirtiest towns on the French coast is said to be Lorient. It is well known as a favourite spot for zymotic diseases. Strangely enough, from this place comes one of the most remarkable records of successful experiment in modern sanitation. The discovery of M. Hermite is the wonderful purifying effect of electrolysed sea-water—sea-water, that is, exposed to the action of the electric current. The result appears to be the generation of some compound of oxygen and chlorine. This converts, “in a few minutes,” the most filthy sewage into a colourless, transparent, almost odourless fluid, thus completely destroying all danger of infection from it.

* * *

This is all very well for places on the coast, But what are inland towns to do? An Englishman—if Mr. “Scott Moncrieff” can be such—claims to have answered this question. His method consists in passing sewage through a succession of “cultivation filter-beds.” The laboratory is at Ashstead, and has been visited and thoroughly examined by an Edinburgh

bacteriologist of repute, whose report is distinctly favourable. The process in this case is biological, not chemical. It seems that sewage contains in itself the proper materials for its own purification, if these are only given a fair chance. There are organisms in it which are capable of liquefying effete organic solids by a process of peptonisation. All that is required for this purpose appears to be an ample supply of oxygen and a certain temperature. Then the helpful bacilli can be so indefinitely multiplied as to overcome all the rest. Thus “sludge” passed through layers of broken flints and channels of coke, becomes clear, inodorous, and free from any dangerous bacteria. Surely when means of purification so simple as these are close at hand, it is human providence, and not Divine Providence, that must be impeached when typhoid fever and such diseases “break out” in our midst.

* * *

Some time ago, we noticed here the specific for “Influenza” discovered and employed by Dr. Crerar, of Maryport. It is simplicity itself, consisting only of moderate doses of bicarbonate of potash. Now that this malarial pest, which is so unsuitably named, appears to have taken up its winter quarters once more in our midst, it may be of service to call attention again to this useful remedy. Not only is it mentioned with honour in last year’s *Medical Annual*, but the esteemed author of it, in a personal communication, vouches also for these facts:—(1) That it is known and proved as a certain remedy, both by the public generally, and especially by all in his own district. (2) That it is perfectly safe, there being no truth at all in the suspicion that it depresses the action of the heart. (3) That it absolutely prevents any dangerous sequelæ. If these statements be true—and I know of no attempt at denial in any quarter—it certainly becomes a duty to make them known. So simple and easily procured a specific should avail to save many valuable lives.

OUR CHRISTMAS DINNERS FOR HUNGRY CHILDREN.

THE following is the list of contributions received up to December 20th. Other remittances will be duly acknowledged next month.

Acknowledged in Dec. No., £11 5s.; Dunn, H. H., 1s. 6d.; Esler, Dr., 5s.; Esler, Mrs., 5s.; Hocking, Silas K., £1; Graham, Mrs. and Miss G. E., 10s.; A., 2s. 6d.; Marwick, R. E., col. by, 2s. 7d.; Simpson, Stanley S., col. by, 1s.; C. L. S. (Nottingham), 3s.; Hattersley, C. M., col. by, 7s. 6d.; A Reader of *The Young Woman* (Cheltenham), 5s.; Mite, A., 1s.; Gamble, S., 5s.; Green, Mary, col. by, 1s.; W. E., 1s.; Baverstock, J. E., 2s. 6d.; Bacon, Miss J., col. by, 2s. 6d.; Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. John, £1; Friend, A. (Selby), 2s. 6d.; Bird, E. C., 5s.; B. (Belfast), 2s. 6d.; L. O. B., 1s.; Welsh, Mrs. and Miss, 3s.; Clark, Frank, col. by, 3s. 3d.; Hall, Chas., col. by, 5s.; Col. in the City Engineer’s Office, Liverpool, 6s.; J. A. (Glasgow), col. by, 5s.; Brake, D., 5s.; Jamieson, H. W., 5s.; Begg, Miss, col. by (for Glasgow), 13s.; Ridgway, J. C. and H. S., 2s.; A. W. R.

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How do men succeed?

I will answer this question by asking you to imagine yourself in the office of the New York correspondent of a Western newspaper. Do you see that telegraph operator over there dozing over his key? News is dull, and he has nothing else to do; but it is the first break in sixteen hours' continuous labour, and he has three more to put in, making nineteen hours for his day's work. A long stretch, isn't it? Yet that man has stood it for thirty months, taking no vacations except the brief rest of the Sabbath. He works as a telegraph operator at night, and studies dentistry by day. Next spring he will graduate from the Dental College, and five years hence he will probably be pulling the teeth of American millionaires at four pounds apiece. It takes a good deal of pluck to travel in the hard road that this young man has marked out for himself, but, after all, it is pluck and plodding that tell in the merciless battle for existence that is waged every day. The men who have made a place for themselves are those who started just like this telegraph operator, and who have passed the milestones in the journey of life only by wearisome but never-ending trudging along its stoniest paths.

Take the successful American in statecraft. Benjamin Harrison is a type. He is a plodder. Look over his career, and you will find it studded with what are popularly known as "brilliant," though in reality only moonstones. Yet every step he has taken up the ladder of fame has been a firm one, and he has never had to fall back.

Grover Cleveland is another of the army of plodders. As President of the United States, he is the foremost citizen of the land. Make a mental photograph of him sitting at his desk in his shirt-sleeves until after midnight, poring over his work with as close attention to detail as he gave to his duties as Sheriff when he cut the hangman's rope instead of allowing a deputy to perform that unenviable task. As Sheriff, Mayor or Governor, Cleveland was for years persistently and continuously a drudge and a slave to detail. Yet this "plodder" was pitted against a man whose brilliancy no one questioned; the idol of a party, the leader of a nation. Accident, fate, or what you will, as each may view the contest of 1884, elected Cleveland and defeated Blaine. The former won the highest gift the people could give him, and then the hand of a lovely young girl. What more happiness could the world give—what better reward for years of plodding?

Read the lives of the great men in any line, except, possibly, the Army and the Stock Exchange, and almost without exception you will find that their days and nights were a ceaseless round of toil and plodding of the most tiresome sort.

THREE STRAIGHT TALKS.

(From the *Brownsville Herald*.)

"If there was more push in the world, there would be fewer hungry, half-clothed, homeless, suffering children; fewer broken-down, dissipated men and women; less need of almshouses, houses of correction, and homes for the friendless. Push means a lift for a neighbour in trouble. Push means a lift for yourself out of the slough of despondency and shiftlessness; out of trouble, real or fancied. Push never hurts anybody. The harder the push is the better, if it is given in just the right direction. Always push uphill—few people need a push down hill."

(From the *Panola* (Tex.) *Watchman*.)

"Ask yourself hard questions about yourself; find out all you can about yourself. Ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of man you say you are; if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business deals; if your life is as good and upright at 11 o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as good a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school excursion; if you are as good when you go out of the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are really the sort of man your father hopes you are and your sweetheart believes you are."

(From the *Atchison Globe*.)

"I have been hearing of smart men all my life, but I never knew one. Occasionally I find one who promises to be smart, but he finally does something to convince me that he is a fool like the rest of us. Every little while a young man is pointed out to me who is said to be very promising, and I watch him, hoping to know a smart man, but he drifts into the ways of his father, and makes the mistakes common to other men. I don't believe it was ever intended that there should be any smart men. The men who occupy the distinguished positions are found on examination to be exactly like other men."

PRESSMEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

"No man can worry about how he looks and keep his bank account growing."—*Atchison Globe*.

"Some men who start out to set the world on fire give up at the first thunder-clap."—*Ram's Horn*.

"No man was ever so much in love that he found himself unable to sleep Sunday morning."—*Elmira Gazette*.

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"Some men have an idea they will some day walk the streets of glory because they now and then give away an old coat."—*Ram's Horn*.

TONY CRANE.